

THE
National
AND ENGLISH
Review

Vol. 148

FEBRUARY 1957

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**ORGANIZED
HYPOCRISY**

Lord Altrincham

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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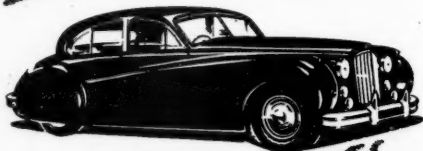
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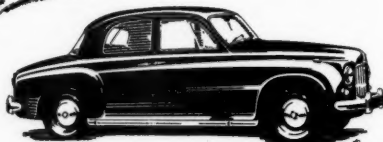
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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Episodes of the Month

Eden Resigns

ON January 9 Sir Anthony Eden resigned as Prime Minister. Though it was hardly to be doubted that he would in due course be compelled to resign on political grounds, the suddenness of his decision, and the genuine deterioration in his health which caused it, were a surprise to most people. How far the strain of a leadership for which he was unfortunately not fitted, and in particular the collapse of his Middle Eastern policy, may have affected his nervous and precarious constitution, will perhaps not be known for many years to come. We can only hope that he will now, released from the overwhelming cares of office, quickly regain his physical strength. In New Zealand he will find a climate congenial in every sense, and he may be able to develop interests and tastes which his lifelong preoccupation with politics has hitherto forced to lie dormant.

A Fine Career

Until its disastrous last phase (for which his medical condition may, for all we know, afford some excuse) Sir Anthony Eden's career was one of the highest distinction and of very great value to his country. His mind, though it lacks originality, is quick and adaptable; and when he was Foreign Secretary under Sir Winston Churchill he achieved some of the most striking successes in modern diplomatic history. He was a good negotiator and his memory of the First World War, in which he served very

bravely when he was hardly more than a schoolboy, gave him an impassioned love of peace and a devotion to those institutions which were created to prevent a recurrence of war. It is thus peculiarly tragic that he, of all men, should have violated the United Nations Charter and launched an aggressive war; and he surely deserves to be remembered more for his patient work over long years towards the establishment of peace, than for the strange aberration with which his career has ended.

In home politics he possessed, until a few months ago, the quality most necessary in anyone who aspires to national, as distinct from party, leadership. He appealed to people of all parties, and also to those who do not care much about party politics, but are interested in the welfare of their country. Though his chief concern was with foreign policy, he very definitely belonged to the liberal wing of the Conservative Party; he was always most anxious to understand his opponent's point of view and most reluctant to be involved in acrimonious controversy. It was his ideal that there should at least be a sense of brotherhood within the country, even though there might be differences as to the details of policy and the methods of attaining objectives which all could recognize as good and right. In this he was much influenced by the man who first gave him office and brought him forward in public life—the late Lord Baldwin. He would quote with much approval advice given by Baldwin to a young Conservative Minister: "Don't try and score off the Socialists. You may be better educated than they are,

but they know a great deal more than you know." (The content of this remark dates it rather obviously!) At the last election there were many Socialists who, when canvassed by a Tory candidate or his helpers, would say that they had no use for the Tory Party, though they very much liked its leader. This was the measure of Eden's success in keeping himself and his thoughts and feelings above the petty turmoil of faction.

He has now disappeared not only from the Premiership, but also from the House of Commons, of which he was a very popular Member and for some years a most effective and courteous leader. His influence there and in the country as a whole will not be forgotten. Whatever the verdict on Suez, and whatever course his life may take in the future, he is sure of an honoured place in English history.

Macmillan Takes Over

After a night and morning of intensive speculation (which may have included the placing of private bets on quite a large scale) the Queen sent for Mr. Harold Macmillan and asked him to form a new Government. He had no hesitation in accepting, and in little more than a week he had filled all the posts in his Administration. He had also broadcast to the nation and exchanged cordial letters with President Eisenhower. On January 22 he was duly elected Leader of the Conservative Party.

The Labour Party rather unwisely chose to make a fuss about the way in which he became Prime Minister; their argument being that no man should be asked to form a Government until he had been elected leader of his party. We entirely dissent from this view, and we feel it is most important that the Royal Prerogative in this matter should be maintained. It goes without saying that on the comparatively rare occasions when a Prime Minister resigns between elections and there is, as it were, a disputed succession, the Sovereign will take very careful soundings before reaching a decision. One of the considerations must naturally be that any man who is asked to be Prime Minister must be able

to command a majority in the House of Commons; and that he will not be able to do this unless the majority party is prepared to accept him as its leader. On the other hand, the Sovereign must also take into account the personal qualifications and disqualifications of candidates for the Premiership. It must be stressed that the Sovereign's duty is to appoint the best available man as *Prime Minister*, provided there is a good chance that he will be acceptable to his party.

In theory this system is open to criticism; but in practice it has many virtues and is certainly in our opinion preferable to any alternative system. It is quite impossible to discuss the credentials of rival candidates at a public meeting; yet these can be properly taken into account behind the scenes. Perhaps the strongest argument in favour of the Royal Prerogative, and against the Labour Party's doctrine, is that if the system had been different in 1940 it is by no means certain—indeed it is far from likely—that the country would have had Sir Winston Churchill as its leader. He would not have been elected at that date by the Conservative Party, in which he was still a very suspect figure; nor would the Socialists have insisted upon serving under him, and him alone—much as they may now like to think that this was so. In fact he became Prime Minister because the King sent for him; and the King sent for him because the outgoing Prime Minister, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, advised that Churchill should be his successor.

Ministerial Changes

In an article which immediately follows these Episodes the editor gives his own individual view of Mr. Macmillan and his Government; so it is only necessary here to record its outstanding features. Mr. R. A. Butler, who was beaten by Mr. Macmillan in a photo-finish, has consented to serve under him and has become Home Secretary, while retaining the posts of Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House of Commons. Mr. Gwilym Lloyd-George is elevated to the peerage after a tenure of the Home Office which has excited little

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admiration. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd remains Foreign Secretary, but Mr. Antony Head leaves the Ministry of Defence (and the Government) and is succeeded by Mr. Duncan Sandys, who, it is said, will put in hand a drastic programme of Defence cuts (the first of these have already been announced, but they will be discussed at a later stage, when the whole programme can be considered). A business man, Sir Percy (now Lord) Mills, who helped Mr. Macmillan to build his 300,000 houses, is appointed Minister of Power. Mr. Peter Thorneycroft becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer and Sir David Eccles President of the Board of Trade.

Among minor appointments the most arresting are those of Sir Edward Boyle and Mr. Julian Amery. They are both, in different ways, men of exceptional ability and sincere conviction. Mr. Amery goes as Under-Secretary to the War Office, Sir Edward as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Education, over which Lord Hailsham now presides.

Finally, we must express regret that Mr. Patrick Buchan-Hepburn has been dropped from the Ministry of Works; he should not indeed have been a member of the Cabinet, but his interest in his Department, and the unselfish zeal with which he was tackling its problems, should have earned him a longer stay.

Israel and the U.N.

The United Nations General Assembly voted by 74 votes to two that Israel should immediately evacuate those areas of Egypt which she still occupies; and the British delegate voted with the majority—thereby proving that in international affairs love grows cold very quickly.

The areas still held by Israeli troops are the Gaza strip and the western littoral of the Gulf of Akaba, commanding the entrance to Israel's only Red Sea port. It was from the Gaza strip that the worst of the fedayeen raids took place, and Egyptian troops on the Gulf of Akaba have successfully prevented the free passage of shipping there since 1948. It is therefore understandable that the Israelis should be anxious to have some form of

guarantee before they agree to evacuate. The proper solution is that the United Nations force be moved into Gaza and on to the Gulf of Akaba. This should give Israel all the guarantees she can expect to have, pending a peace treaty. If the Egyptians on their side are to agree to this arrangement, it will probably be necessary to arrive at some solution about the Suez Canal which will provide for the payment of dues to an Egyptian authority, subject to a new international convention. The proposals put forward by the Indian Government at the first Lancaster House Conference on the Canal are still the best basis for a settlement, and it is to be hoped that the passions which led to, and were intensified by, the Anglo-French intervention, will not fatally impede the task of statesmanship.

Aden under Pressure

The perennial strife along the Yemen-Aden border has flared up into full-scale fighting and a potentially dangerous situation now exists there. The feud goes back to the early years of this century. Arabian boundaries have never been clearly marked, and the Imam of Yemen has clearly seen the British loss of prestige in the Middle East as a golden opportunity to assert his claim to overlordship of the greater part of the Western Aden Protectorate. In this he is undoubtedly encouraged, if not aided, by Colonel Nasser.

Britain's case in this quarrel is clear-cut. We are in the Aden Peninsula by virtue of our position as Protecting Power to various minor sheiks who have not the slightest desire to come under the feudal rule of the Imam. We have a clear duty to protect these potentates, and we must continue to do so. We should not wait for the Yemeni Government to refer the matter to the United Nations, but should do so ourselves; and we should welcome the dispatch of a fact-finding mission to Aden. There is no reason to doubt that the mission will decide in our favour, and though it would be too sanguine to hope that this would lead to a settlement of the

problem, it would at any rate have a chastening effect on world opinion.

Scandal in Nigeria

The report of the Commission of Enquiry, presided over by Sir Stafford Foster-Sutton, into the financial affairs of Dr. Azikewe has revealed a fantastic situation. The Prime Minister of Eastern Nigeria did not hesitate, apparently, to transfer public funds into the African Continental Bank (which, even after becoming Prime Minister, he still controlled) in order to bolster up this ailing venture. As a result, his other associated enterprises all did very well, and the Prime Minister and his family all made large profits out of what was clearly a corrupt deal. There could be no question, in this country at any rate, of a Minister involved in such conduct remaining in office, and indeed it is probable that a criminal prosecution would follow.

In Nigeria, the results are likely to be somewhat different. Nigeria is still in much the same stage of political evolution as Britain in the 18th century. It is regarded as perfectly normal for any man in public life to feather his own nest if he can, and he is looked upon as a fool—and therefore unfit to hold public office—if he does not. It is therefore extremely improbable that the Eastern Nigerian Provincial Assembly will throw the Government out merely for doing what many others would have done if they had had the chance.

Mr. Lennox-Boyd is now faced with an extremely difficult task. Dr. Azikewe's political enemies will have received considerable uplift from the report, and the talks on Nigerian federation and independence which are due to take place in London later this year will be further exacerbated by the reactions of the two other regions, neither of which, as has been made clear in the past, wishes to come under Zik's domination. The Foster-Sutton Report may well retard independence by some years.

At the same time, the Colonial Secretary has to consider what to do about the Prime Minister personally. If he authorizes

a prosecution he may well get a conviction, but it is by no means certain that this will entail the Prime Minister's removal from office, and the whole issue could easily be turned by Zik and his supporters into a demonstration against "colonialism." The Colonial Secretary has shown himself to be a great administrator in the affairs of Africa, and can be relied upon in this matter to decide wisely. He should also remember that financial irregularity is by no means the only way whereby corruption comes into public affairs.

Petrol Muddle

It seems extraordinary that no member of the Government was prepared to face the fact that the Suez adventure might lead to the blockage of the Canal and the cutting off of our Middle Eastern oil supplies; but there is little doubt that this occurred. Despite the fact that, since Nasser's seizure of the Canal at the end of July, hardly a day has passed without some dire warning about what would happen if the Canal closed, the Ministry of Fuel and Power does not seem to have started working on a plan for petrol rationing until after the blockships had been sunk and the pipelines destroyed. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that the plan which eventually emerged bore all the signs of hasty improvisation.

The plan itself had the cardinal virtue of simplicity, and was obviously designed to obviate as far as possible the necessity for large staffs to administer it. It took the form of a very large basic ration—larger than at any stage during or after the war—and the clear intention that very few supplementaries were to be issued. At the same time, a rule-of-thumb chart was laid down as a guide to the amount of supplementary—doctors so much, clergymen so much, farmers so much, etc. Like all rule-of-thumb charts, it looked wonderful on paper, and was grossly unfair in practice—a fact which became apparent as soon as individuals, who were faced with the ruin of their businesses unless they got some petrol, found their applications curtly refused. A large

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number of small tradesmen, such as bakers, who depend on their rounds for their living, now cannot make rounds.

Road Hauliers' Grievance

Worst of all was the position of the road hauliers. The complete rights and wrongs of this are still not clear; the road hauliers appear to think that there was a plot by the Ministry of Transport to divert heavy goods traffic to the railways—and this would certainly have a lot to commend it—while the Ministry maintains that the vast majority of the road hauliers did not make application for supplementary fuel because they thought that, if they hung on, they would be looked after all right. The result, at any rate, was that towards the end of the first week in January the road hauliers suddenly found themselves without any petrol at all, a tiny percentage of supplementary allowances had been given, a large number of applications appeared to have been completely ignored, and those supplementaries that were given were utterly inadequate even to maintain a skeleton service.

In the midst of the uproar, the Minister of Transport returned from a holiday in Switzerland and announced that everything was going just as he intended. Soon afterwards he was promoted to a seat in the Cabinet.

Alarm about Fuel Oil

In addition to the petrol muddle, a serious situation has also been developing in regard to fuel oil for industry. The new Ministry of Power has been remarkably coy about revealing the true state of affairs, and Lord Mills has said that the ration for February will be maintained at the January level—namely, 90 per cent. of the amount previously supplied. All the same it appears to be likely that a further cut will have to be made in March—perhaps another 10 per cent.

Alarmist talk about a complete shut-down in the summer, and widespread unemployment, is certainly premature; but the seriousness of this aspect of the oil shortage must be appreciated. Unless the Texas producers are prepared to take

a somewhat less restrictionist line in the future, industry will have to work only a little above half-time for a good many months, and the effect which this could have on the employment position would be considerable. The attitude of the Ministry of Power seems to be one of dazed hopefulness—that there will be a change of heart in Texas, and that the March cut will be restored by April.

Toscanini

The maestro of maestros is dead. True, he had been in retirement for several years, and the name of Toscanini appeared oftener on gramophone records than on concert programmes. But we must be profoundly thankful that his considered renderings of the Beethoven symphonies outlive him. Conductors are mortal creatures, and before the gramophone posterity had no means of judging them. What will posterity say of Toscanini? In his day, there is no doubt that his reputation exceeded what was just. In opera, of course, he was pre-eminent, but his superbly Italian temperament made his interpretations of some of the 19th century German composers too flamboyant to be considered seriously as the composer's own definitive view of his work.

Toscanini combined outstanding qualities as a musician with a nervous energy which, often without the assistance of the spoken word, he was able to communicate to his orchestras. Sometimes, however, music requires qualities of relaxation and detachment which under Toscanini's baton could not be achieved. With Beethoven, to whom he must have been somewhat akin temperamentally, he was perfectly at home, and whether or not the fantastic strength of certain woodwind passages in the symphonies was due to his doubling the parts here and there, as one story goes, it is certain that no one will ever need to listen to sublimer music. Posterity, we hope, will adjust a little of the hysterical adoration and reverence which the qualities of Toscanini's personality called forth in certain circles; but it will not fail to pay tribute to his musicianship and his genius.

ORGANIZED HYPOCRISY

By LORD ALTRINCHAM

SO Mr. Harold Macmillan, and not Mr. R. A. Butler, has climbed to the top of what Disraeli called "the greasy pole." And it has seldom, if ever, been greasier than it is to-day.

After one of the most tragic and dishonourable episodes in our history, brought upon us by the wicked folly of the Eden Cabinet, most of the members of that Cabinet are now settling down with expressions of the utmost smugness, as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. Taking advantage of Sir Anthony Eden's infirmities (which might have been considered at an earlier stage), they are trying to create the illusion that the change of Prime Minister is unconnected with the Suez disaster and that this was in fact only a disaster in the military sense. Thus Mr. Antony Head has been jettisoned, while Mr. Selwyn Lloyd remains Foreign Secretary. Yet history will undoubtedly record that the whole Suez policy, and not just its execution, was a monstrosity and an outrage.

What of the new leader? He is certainly a better man for the highest post than Mr. Butler, for reasons which have frequently been suggested in this *Review*. Rather than dwell upon the faults of his disappointed rival, we will instead briefly recall Mr. Macmillan's positive qualities. He has political stamina; in the 'thirties he forfeited the chance of office by taking a resolute and independent line, both in domestic and foreign affairs. He has imagination and resource, and his approach to economic problems is exceptionally enlightened. A Socialist friend of mine, well qualified to give an opinion, has described him privately as the best Chancellor of the Exchequer since the War, and nothing could be more absurd and unjust than the caricature version of him as a black reactionary, plotting with predatory tycoons to destroy the Welfare State. If on the home front he deviates from what has been orthodox Tory policy

since 1945, it will be in the direction of more controls, not towards the free-for-all of old-fashioned capitalism. His espousal of the European Common Market is prompted by realism (how can we stay out of it?) and to some extent by an emotional and rather silly infatuation with the idea of "Europe"; definitely not by any belief in the sovereign virtues of *laissez-faire*. In dealing with the Americans he will be helped by his mixed parentage and by the good working relationships he has had in the past with Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles. As a speaker he is never trite, often witty, sometimes brilliant, and occasionally stirring. But while he possesses the gift of speech, he does not make eloquence an excuse for inaction; he is a forceful administrator, wishing to be judged, and judging others, by results. Finally, he is a humanist, well grounded in classical scholarship and maintaining in a busy official life the all-important habit of reading. (It is said that he has recently been diverting himself with Trollope's novels, and he may have been paying special attention to the career of Mr. Plantagenet Palliser.)

This is indeed an impressive equipment. Yet it must not be supposed that Mr. Macmillan won the leadership because of his qualities alone; he has also been greatly assisted by his defects. There is a dichotomy, almost a schizophrenia, in the character of this interesting man. Though his attitude towards home politics is quite up to date, and may even be termed progressive, his view of the world is not altogether appropriate to the age in which he lives. In particular, when he surveys those parts of the world in which Great Britain has held, or still holds, imperial power, he is apt to be carried away by very dangerous emotions. He has shown no sign that he understands, or is prepared to accept with a good grace, the nationalistic ferment of Afro-Asia; nor does he seem to warm to the new Commonwealth as a

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substitute for, and development from, the old British Empire. For him Europe is the super-continent and Great Britain the super-country. At heart he is a white supremacy man.

In this he resembles Sir Winston Churchill, whom indeed he is clearly much too anxious to resemble. Here, perhaps, is the root cause of his psychological unbalance. He is a pawky Scottish business man trying to convince himself and others that he is an English aristocrat of the old school. This does not mean that he is ashamed of his Scottish ancestry; on the contrary, he is very proud of it—and rightly so. But at the same time he seeks, maybe unconsciously, to project a patrician, Anglo-Saxon, Churchillian *persona*. Like Sir Winston at the Other Club, Mr. Macmillan holds forth in the grand manner at Pratt's—only with this vital difference, that neither the manner nor the setting is his own. As a practical man he is genuine and acceptable; as an imitation grandee he is nauseating.

Yet it is precisely this aspect of him which has enabled him to become Prime Minister. In his secondary, bogus capacity he has appealed to many Tories of the unregenerate kind. More especially he has made a strong appeal to the Suez Group, whose ablest and most dynamic member (Mr. Julian Amery) is his son-in-law. During August, September and October of last year Mr. Macmillan was reputed to be the Suez Group *par excellence* in the Cabinet. He must therefore have contributed notably to the atmosphere in which the infamous ultimatum of October 30 was sent. At some point in the drama which only historians will be in a position to determine he became aware that to press the intervention any further would invite total catastrophe; that it was indeed necessary to withdraw from Port Said with the least possible delay. From having been a militant he therefore suddenly became a moderate, and Sir Anthony Eden, in addition to his ailments, was left high and dry. The phrase *Et tu, Brute* hovers in the mind, and for all one knows some such words may have actually been used in the intimacy of No. 10 Downing Street. At

all events Sir Anthony left for Jamaica, the decision was taken to withdraw from Port Said, and Mr. Macmillan earned golden opinions for the firmness and realism with which he handled the economic crisis he had done so much to precipitate.

Mr. Butler, on the other hand, was rapidly losing ground among his Parliamentary colleagues. Though he, like every other Cabinet Minister, must accept total responsibility for what was done, the word went round that he had been a moderate throughout and had used his influence against the Suez adventure. This may or may not have been true; what is certain is that, among Suez Groupers, Mr. Butler received most of the odium for the policy of retreat, while Mr. Macmillan was given most of the credit for the policy of aggression. On any view this apportionment of praise and blame was grossly unfair. If Mr. Butler was indeed a moderate throughout, then his conduct at least has the merit of consistency, though it is also open to the charge of moral cowardice. But Mr. Macmillan's was quite inconsistent, and it is obviously absurd that he should still be the hero of the Suez Group. According to their scheme of values he should have stood in Cabinet for a fight to the finish in Egypt and should have resigned when he failed to get his way. In fact, however, when it came to the point, nothing was militant about Mr. Macmillan except his *persona*; but this was enough to save him in the eyes of the Suez Group. Their attitude provides another striking instance of the power of myth in politics. When Prince Louis Napoleon was a candidate for the French Presidency, a veteran of his uncle's Grand Army, asked how he would vote in the election, replied: "How could I fail to vote for him—I who lost my nose through frost-bite in the retreat from Moscow?" With a comparable logic those who had their noses put out of joint in the retreat from Port Said resolved that the man they must support was Mr. Macmillan.

It is for this reason that he became Prime Minister. The Suez Group which, though not numerically strong in Parliament, is predominant in the constituency

associations, might well have voted against Mr. Butler as leader of the Party; but there was little danger that the Conservative moderates would oppose Mr. Macmillan. In other words, the extremists have won the immediate struggle within the Party, at the very moment when their policy has involved the country in a world-wide humiliation. Their victory is reflected in the composition of the new Government.

Another spurious factor which operated in favour of Mr. Macmillan was the persistent feeling among Tory M.P.s that Nasser was another Hitler and the Suez crisis another potential Munich. That this was a grotesquely false analogy should have been obvious to anyone of normal discernment; the only clear point of similarity between Munich and Suez has been the behaviour of the Conservative Party, which on both occasions has followed a bad lead with servile obedience and thoughtless enthusiasm. But Mr. Macmillan saw his advantage and made the best use of it. On November 12 he said in the House of Commons: "All my interests would have been to follow what we used to call a policy of appeasement. Why have I not followed that? I will tell the House frankly and sincerely. *It is because I have seen it all happen before.*" (My italics.) His words were doubtless intended to remind his hearers not only that he had himself opposed Munich, but also that Mr. Butler had been, as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the Chamberlain Government, one of the principal defenders of the pre-war appeasement policy.

Should Mr. Macmillan have agreed to form a Government? Could any member of the Eden Cabinet in conscience agree to do so? Surely not. Even if it be assumed that Sir Anthony's illness had nothing whatever to do with the failure of his policy, and *vice versa*, it is beyond question that the policy failed, and his eclipse should now be shared by his Cabinet colleagues. When Lloyd George wrested the supreme power from Asquith in 1916 it could at least be said that, while in the strict sense a colleague, he had for some time been a

recognized critic of his predecessor's methods of war leadership; he was therefore the natural alternative. Equally, when Chamberlain fell, he was succeeded by the man who, until war broke out, had led the opposition to his foreign policy. But the succession to Eden has followed a different pattern. His place has been taken by a man who actively encouraged him in a course which has led to national and personal disaster. It is hard to think of any precedent in our history for such an act of cold-blooded opportunism.

One of the first Ministers to be seen by Mr. Macmillan after he had assumed the Premiership was Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, who emerged from the presence wearing a smile of the most exquisite self-satisfaction. And no wonder; during the crisis he was guilty of grave misrepresentation in a speech to the House of Commons, and he might well have expected to be dismissed out of hand. Instead he was promoted Chancellor of the Exchequer. An appointment of this kind is not calculated to enhance the reputation of our public life. Before very long we shall find ourselves in the same state as France, where it is generally accepted that politicians have a code of their own, and most people have an instinctive repugnance to the idea of entering politics.

Mr. Macmillan's gifts, considerable as they are, do not weigh very heavily in the balance against the harm which he has done by taking office in present circumstances. He is a branded man, and all who serve with him are branded. How can his regime be described as a fresh start? The enormities of the Eden Cabinet have not been disowned; on the contrary, they are being reasserted in the most shameless manner. The basic rift in the Conservative Party remains, even though Sir Edward Boyle has been induced to join a Government which also contains Mr. Julian Amery. Coalitions are sometimes made to include men of all parties and none, but Mr. Macmillan's Government goes a stage further; it includes men of all principles—and none. This is indeed "an organized hypocrisy."

ALTRINCHAM.

BACKGROUND TO THE EISENHOWER DOCTRINE

A True Assessment of Recent American Policy in the Middle East

By KEITH KYLE

WHEN Mr. Dulles sat down to dinner with a selection of the most influential American journalists and television commentators on the evening of Tuesday, October 30, he was in a hurt and bitter mood. It was the day of the Anglo-French ultimatum, and his conversation, jotted down in the notebooks of those present, formed the basis of all the subsequent charges in the American Press, heavily relied on by Mr. Gaitskell in the House of Commons, of British and French collusion with Israel.

The American Administration did not believe that Anglo-French action would achieve its assumed objective of overthrowing Colonel Nasser; moreover, Mr. Dulles and his subordinates were furious at the prospect that the action would ruin carefully laid plans of their own. These plans themselves included the overthrow of Colonel Nasser, which was an accepted aim of American policy. It had not always been so. Until last year it had been the policy to build Colonel Nasser up. The reasoning was as follows: the Middle East should be helped to develop economically so that it would not go Communist—hence the Johnston Plan to harness the power of the Jordan River, the Aswan Dam to irrigate the Egyptian desert, and other schemes, all of which would involve large expenditures of American money. But nothing could be started until the Arab-Israel dispute was out of the way. All other political problems in the area, such as the Bureimi Oasis dispute and the extension of the Baghdad Pact (both subjects of keen interest to the British Foreign Office) must be subordinated to that sovereign task.

However, no progress with the details of an Arab-Israel settlement would be of any value unless the Arabs could be induced to acknowledge the existence of Israel. There must be one individual on the Arab side sufficiently confident of his own position and sufficiently respected by other Arabs to take the great decision and make it stick. There was only one suitable candidate: Colonel Nasser. Hence the pressure on the World Bank to support the Aswan Dam project (which would enable the Colonel to excite his people with other than the military form of grandeur); hence the impatience with the British for raising "side issues" and annoyance at our ham-handedness over Jordan's accession to the Baghdad Pact; hence also America's refusal to join the Pact, so as not to enhance the prestige of Nasser's rival, General Nuri es-Said.

The chief proponent of this policy was the head of the Near Eastern division of the State Department, Colonel Henry Byroade, who was sent to Cairo as Ambassador to carry it out. Colonel Byroade, a young professional soldier turned diplomat, was by no means an "anti-colonialist" of the old school. In fact, a speech he had made calling on the American public to revise its traditional ideas of the British Empire in the light of the transformation that was taking place within it had been hailed in a first leader in *The Times* as a milestone in American policy. However, he did regard it as essential in Egypt that British influence should be reduced to the point at which Colonel Nasser should feel himself to be the master in his own house.

The new Ambassador considered at



Photo: Camera Press.

COLONEL HENRY BYROADE.

first that he was making great progress: "Nasser and I talk to each other as one Colonel to another" (as he explained to a staff meeting in Washington). The first Egyptian arms deal with the Russians was a sharp blow, but did not lead to an immediate reversal of policy. President Nasser told his brother officer that this was a "one-shot deal," that he had to do something to satisfy his restless army and that it was a way of getting rid of an unmarketable cotton surplus. The Aswan Dam offer was therefore proceeded with; indeed, looking at the brighter side of things, Americans told themselves that, now that he had demonstrated he was not hopelessly dependent on the West for arms, Nasser would be in a stronger position from which to make the great concession.

In the course of the first half of 1956 this American policy was abandoned in favour of a new policy that was the complete reverse. This happened for a number of reasons. First and foremost, the Ameri-

cans came to regard Colonel Nasser as completely untrustworthy. They learned that so far from the arms deal being a "one-shot" affair, further extensive arrangements had been made with the Communists which would probably tie up the cotton crop for years to come. Moreover, a variety of industrial projects were being started all over the place under Communist auspices. Apart from their political implications, both these developments affected the Dam, since only if a policy of extreme economic austerity were sustained inside Egypt would the World Bank's plan work. Colonel Byroade, his policy at the end of its tether, took to reporting back simply Colonel Nasser's words, without any comments of his own. In July he was removed from Cairo and transferred to South Africa. At the same time the Near Eastern division in Washington acquired a new head, Mr. W. M. Rountree, an ingenious, self-confident man who began immediately to proceed on new assumptions.

It has been argued that the British were dragged by the Americans into the withdrawal of the Aswan Dam offer. This is not the case. We had in fact been urging it on the Americans for some time, but it was certainly our understanding that the offer would be gradually abandoned over a period by spinning out the negotiations "in the Oriental manner." The Americans preferred to sweep the rug from under the Egyptians with a flourish, partly to discredit Colonel Nasser with the Arab countries, partly to make a dramatic demonstration to all underdeveloped countries that America would not let itself be blackmailed, partly to satisfy powerful pressure from cotton Senators who were convinced the Dam would mean fresh cotton acres in Egypt. No one in Washington had foreseen that the Egyptians would seize the Canal.

Throughout last year there had been recurrent anxiety in the West about the danger of a resumption of the Arab-Israeli war. Sir Anthony Eden had come to Washington to talk about it at the end of January, mainly to convince the Americans that unless some dramatic

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intimidation were made of the three Powers joint willingness to use force to douse an outbreak the Middle Eastern countries would continue not to take the Tripartite Declaration seriously. Mr. Dulles's view was partially revealed in testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on February 24. He made two major points: first, the Arab-Israel dispute would only be solved if it were isolated from the context of the cold war. Therefore America should not supply arms to the Israelis in response to the Russian supply to the Arabs. Preferably Israel should accept the modern truth that nation States could not rely on themselves alone for defence (this amounted to a strong moral commitment to defend Israel if the Arabs should attack in force, which the Americans considered the less likely contingency). But America would not object if other Western countries supplied Israel's needs. Secondly, Mr. Dulles argued with great urgency that peace would never come to the Middle East so long as all countries in the area believed that in any conflict the United States would, in the last analysis, regardless of the merits of the issue, come down on the side of Israel, because of the domestic Jewish vote.

An Israeli preventive war was regarded throughout by the Americans as much the more likely source of a major outbreak. They tried all they could to warn Mr. Ben Gurion off it. But Mr. Dulles was absolutely determined that if, despite all warnings, the Israelis attacked, he would break once for all the myth of the Jewish vote and the assumption that American foreign policy was paralysed in an election year. Moreover, an Israeli aggression was the one circumstance in which the disabling of the Security Council by a Russian veto was unlikely, and Israel was the one country in the world that was most vulnerable to economic sanctions, if rigidly enforced by the United States. Therefore the State Department had everything poised for a "model UN action" which would cause Middle Eastern countries to revise their views about the potency of that organization.



Photo: Camera Press.

MR. W. M. ROUNTREE.

During the period following the seizure of the Canal the Near Eastern division, under Mr. Rountree's vigorous leadership, was refining its plans. It became accepted American policy to bring about the downfall of Colonel Nasser. This was to be accomplished in a year, by steady economic and political pressure. The Americans were convinced that the Arabs, particularly the Lebanese and the Saudi Arabians, were restive at Egypt's pre-eminence, that they were secretly pleased that so large a proportion of the American money available for the Middle East was not going to be tied up in the Aswan Dam, and that, if only the French could be induced to see sense in Algeria, the Sultan of Morocco and M. Bourguiba could be built up as counterweights in the Moslem world to Colonel Nasser. The American reaction when the Anglo-French ultimatum was issued was that London and Paris had the same objective as Washington, but that the methods being employed were wrong and disastrous. Unfortunately Mr. Dulles had omitted to apprise his British ally of the Rountree plan.

During the two weeks preceding the Israeli attack the American Embassies in London and Paris had been frozen out of the confidential exchanges that were normal between members of the alliance. This had resulted from the tragic misunderstanding between Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Dulles about the purpose of the Users' Association for the Suez Canal (an intricate controversy into the details of which there is no space to go here). American intelligence reported at least by Saturday, October 27 (if not before), that the Israelis had mobilized, that they would attack Egypt and that the French knew about it. The Americans immediately put into action their plan for operating the machinery of the Security Council. They feared French obstruction, but at this stage were relying on British co-operation. They were disconcerted when the British dragged their feet throughout the weekend and on into Tuesday—arguing that it was hardly necessary to take UN action until an attack had actually been made.

When the President and Mr. Dulles heard of the ultimatum they were furious, partly because they had not been warned, partly because it sabotaged the "model UN action," and partly because it wrecked the intricate calculations of the Rountree plan to bring down Colonel Nasser and threatened on the contrary to prop him up. But they were also angry and alarmed because they were convinced the British and the French could not bring it off—their military intelligence had told them that the Anglo-French plans and dispositions were not such that the world could be presented with a *fait accompli* in twenty-four hours. General Eisenhower gave it as his professional opinion that the British had really left Suez before because they found they could not hold it without Cairo and Alexandria, and he could not understand why they would want to put their heads in the same noose again; and his intelligence chief, who had been reading Mr. Alan Moorehead's *Gallipoli*, had no high opinion of the British ability to handle sudden *coups*.

The Americans feared that this rashness would be the end of British influence in

the Middle East. This they did not want. It is true they were often frustrated by the "colonial tone of voice" in which that influence was expressed ("the British always talk as if they owned the Canal"). But it had been an object of American policy to avoid a situation in the Middle East comparable to that of 1947 in Greece and Turkey, when the British confronted the Americans with the need to take up their burden. Nor is it true that the American oil companies were intriguing to get rid of British rivals—certainly not on commercial grounds. Except in Saudi Arabia, British, Dutch and American oil interests are in fact closely intertwined. There is little competition among producers; there is keen competition among distributors—but this is just as much between different American companies as between them and foreign companies. However, the big American companies, whose main interest is to stay in business and protect their plant, particularly the vulnerable pipelines, do employ high-level "oil diplomatists" of their own to keep on good terms with the Arab Governments. In the past they have sometimes been worried about the political relations of the British companies, for fear that they might provoke retaliation that would damage American as well as British interests. The principal activity of the oil diplomatists during the crisis was to try to keep the pipelines open, and in the case of the Tapline from Saudi Arabia they succeeded.

Although there is little sign of its cruder type of anti-colonialism among senior American officials, there has long been (under Mr. Acheson as well as under Mr. Dulles) a great sense of frustration that the necessities of the alliance with Britain and France should have largely deprived the United States of the chance of using its anti-colonial reputation as a weapon in the cold war. The immediate reaction in Washington to the independent British and French action was that it solved the American dilemma—from now on, when in doubt, America should back the new nations. At that particular moment the Nagy Government was apparently holding

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its own in Hungary. The prospect that a "neutral zone," including Hungary and Poland, would emerge in Eastern Europe suggested to Mr. Dulles the possibility that America would not in future need to be so dependent on the alliance with Western Europe.

Massive Russian retaliation in Hungary, combined with the threat of Russian "volunteers" in the Middle East, has driven the Americans back to some extent on the old alliance, though without the old intimacy, and has forced them into a new commitment in the Middle East. The Eisenhower Doctrine is, to a large degree, a restatement of the obvious. However, the President and Mr. Dulles have always been obsessed with the analogy of 1914—the belief that if the Kaiser had known that Britain and later America would come into the war if he marched across Belgium he would never have marched. The doctrine shares with the Congressional resolution on Formosa two characteristics: it makes a special virtue of precision and it is imprecise. It warns the Russians not to miscalculate, as the result of seeing America turn against Britain and France, in a way that might lead them to stumble into world war. At the same time it is meant to be sufficiently vague to preserve flexibility. By making the American commitment an exclusively anti-Communist one, the new policy somewhat abandons the old attempt to keep the Middle East out of the formal lines of the cold war; yet by making no direct reference to the Arab-Israel or Suez Canal disputes it hopes not to forfeit all the advantages of that former position.

But the issues of substance still remain. It is perhaps not quite fair to accuse the Americans of having no plan for the solution of the Israeli question. As early as August 1955 Mr. Dulles put forward the idea that Israel should acknowledge responsibility for the Arab refugees, while America should pick up the bill for the cost of resettling them. It is clear from this, from the Johnston Plan for regional

development of the Jordan Valley, and from the economic component of the Eisenhower Doctrine, that the United States is willing to pay a high financial price for a permanent settlement.

Immediately after the cease-fire on the Canal the President was telling visitors that he was determined to get permanent solutions out of the new fluidity caused by the war. But in order to keep in reserve the new moral standing which America conceives itself to have in the area, Mr. Eisenhower has been trying to work in the preliminary stages through even more acceptable intermediaries—through Mr. Hammerskjöld and Mr. Nehru, in particular. This policy is proving to have limitations. If Mr. Hammerskjöld successfully carries out the task with which, under his interpretation, he has been entrusted by the Assembly, everything will be back where it was and there will be no more fluidity. Moreover, when Mr. Nehru was at Gettysburg, Mr. Eisenhower does not seem to have made much progress with his favourite project—which was that a high level "committee of innocents" should study the Israeli question and make an arbitral award which, because of the composition of the committee, would be likely to receive a two-thirds vote in the Assembly. The Buchmanite hope was entertained that the parties, grumblingly, would then yield to a "moral force," whose potency had already been so strikingly demonstrated against Britain and France. The oddly assorted names of Mr. Nehru, himself, the Prime Minister of Luxemburg, and General Romulo of the Philippines, were being mentioned in Washington as members of the committee, perhaps just by way of illustration. But Mr. Nehru thought the timing was wrong—he too wanted to preserve the integrity of his detachment. "After you, Mr. Nehru," said the President. "No," replied the enigmatic Pandit, "after you, Mr. Eisenhower."

KEITH KYLE.

HONOURS EASY?

By KENNETH ROSE

TOWARDS the end of his last Premiership, Mr. Baldwin was one day pondering the next Honours List, by general consent the most distasteful task which falls to a Prime Minister. Dr. Thomas Jones, who was with him, mentioned the hopes of one aspirant who had not long to live. "That is often given as a reason to me," replied Baldwin. "You would have thought that a man on the edge of the grave would be looking forward to a throne in heaven, not to a knighthood." The Prime Minister underestimated the insatiable appetite of the Englishman, or at least of the Englishman's wife, for titles and decorations, ribbons and stars.

The New Year Honours List of 1957 has evoked more critical scrutiny than usual. "Who? Who?" were the words with which the great Duke of Wellington greeted the names of a new Cabinet. "Why? Why?" would to-day sum up no less pertinently the current spate of honours. Except for its length and mediocrity, there is little to rouse the passions, save whether Stanley Matthews should have been fobbed off with a C.B.E., as if he had merely been Sir Osbert Sitwell; or whether Mr. Henry Channon's twenty-one silently dutiful years in Parliament have been sufficiently recognized by a knighthood, an honour once thought fitting for Walter Raleigh, Christopher Wren and Isaac Newton.

A system of romantic rewards is not, of course, a weakness confined to our own age. Mr. Baldwin used to recall with glee a mid-eighteenth century document he had once seen at Welbeck. It was a list of persons who had to be squared by the Prime Minister. One was to be given an Irish job, someone else a bishopric for his brother, a third a sinecure in the public service, and a fourth merely the gratification of a ducal handshake.

By the mid-nineteenth century the worst abuses of patronage had vanished. In

their place evolved the phenomenon by which the phantom prospect of a title or decoration will keep a public servant honest throughout his years of toil and penury. The Victorian age, however, regarded honours more wisely than does this present century. A hundred years ago decorations were fewer, even allowing for the smaller population of the day. Honours Lists were sparse. The first Queen's Birthday List, in the form of a supplement to the *London Gazette*, was not published until 1869, and then consisted only of two pages of appointments to the Order of the Bath. Sir Robert Ensor has recorded how his uncle, who held the third highest command in the Royal Navy for many years with credit, was awarded no decoration at all. To-day such an admiral would be much adorned.

Honours, moreover, were treated with a cheerful contempt. Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff, on being made a G.C.B. in 1879, declared he now had all the letters of the alphabet after his name except the only ones he really cared for—L.S.D. Lord Northampton, on receiving a bill of £400 for fees connected with his newly-bestowed Garter, commented that he thought a mistake had been made and that he had been appointed to the Golden Fleece. But this incident occurred before achievement had been allowed to jostle ancestry in the Order's velvet-mantled ranks.

Even war medals were regarded as rather affected. "Byng has been lucky with his pigs," observed an old Victorian General at a regimental dinner, staring at the three Crimea awards worn by Lord Strafford, who was also a noted agriculturist. Occasionally, however, decorations were treated with romantic awe. General Gordon, for instance, challenged Neubar Pasha to a duel for speaking lightly of a previous consul who had happened, like him, to be a Companion of the Bath.

With the accession of King Edward,

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awards and honours multiplied into mediocrity. Perhaps because the Sovereign had been starved of weightier labours, he developed an expertise in the matter of decorations which was a wonder of his Court. The Royal Victorian Order founded in 1896 to reward personal services to the Queen was expanded sixfold by the new King between 1901 and 1904. But he also instituted the Order of Merit, whose distinction remains inviolate to this day. King Edward would press his officers, his diplomats—even, to their horror, his Ministers—into accepting the shower of jewelled baubles beloved by foreign sovereigns. He used to remember just when and where some obscure order has been given, and years later would ask the recipient why it was not being worn. It would spoil his entire evening to see a decoration an inch higher or an inch lower than the regulations permitted. One day he became very cross when Sir Henry Ponsonby, Queen Victoria's Private Secretary, sported two identical Jubilee medals.

The First World War enormously enlarged the Honours Lists. Not only were there newly created decorations for gallantry such as the Military Cross, but also hundreds of C.B.s and C.M.G.s for the staff. In 1917 it became necessary to found an entirely new order, that of the British Empire. It was partly to reward the armed forces, particularly those not in the front line. With cruel wit the French referred to the O.B.E. as "l'Ordre Britanique Embusqué." There was also a civil division of the Order intended for those classes, as Lord Curzon acidly observed, "whose services in the war had not been entirely untinted by expectation of social preferment to come." Foreign orders and medals proliferated no less. Their capricious distribution among British officers has been preserved for posterity in C. E. Montague's story, *Honours Easy*. It is about two young officers who competed with each other in acquiring unmerited decorations. "By the end of the war," writes Montague, "I heard they looked most beautiful, with three full rows of ribbons apiece, like commanders-in-chief, and that people turned round to look at

them in the street, marvelling that men so young should have had time for so much valour."

Anyone who has read the correspondence of a Prime Minister, Viceroy or Pro-Consul will know the time these governing men expend on satisfying, or fobbing off, shameless seekers after honours. The great Lord Salisbury once remarked that the Carlton Club when the Government had just changed reminded him of nothing so much as feeding time at the Zoological Gardens. Many Prime Ministers have shared this view.

During the Premiership of Lloyd George, however, the question of patronage was approached with less diffidence. Growls of disapproval were heard as early as 1917 when it was urged on the Government, first, that the reasons why an individual had been honoured should be made public; and secondly, that the Prime Minister should satisfy himself that no payment for the honour had been made. In 1922 the unsavoury topic of the sale of honours again occupied the attention of both Houses of Parliament. Lloyd George had to face two counts—the immense scale on which honours had been given, and the unworthiness of some of the recipients. Lord Salisbury, father of the present Marquess, fired a telling shot by depicting the diminished scale of values on which the award of honours had recently been based—for public services, for public services and donations, for public services and large donations, for donations and public services, for donations alone. The then Duke of Northumberland weighed in no less effectively by pointing out that, since 1918, forty-nine privy councillorships, peerages, baronetcies and knighthoods had been given to the owners, directors or editors of newspapers supporting the Government. Other critics alleged that there was, in fact, a regular tariff for the sale of such dignities. To these charges the Prime Minister could offer little defence, though Lord Curzon did his best to justify the system in a memorable piece of special pleading:

People are rather apt to suppose that



Picture Post Library.

A KNIGHT OF THE FIRST ELIZABETHAN AGE :
SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

when an honour is conferred on some person unknown to themselves it has been bought. To be unknown to the public is not necessarily to be corrupt. Just as the soldier gives his valour or genius, just as the artist gives his talents, just as the captain of industry gives his energy or enterprise, just as the man of science gives his inventions to the service of the state, so the wealthy man gives, and in my view is entirely justified in giving, his wealth, which is often his only asset, for the benefit of the country.

Even this Ciceronian eloquence left King, Parliament and country unconvinced. Lloyd George was obliged to appoint a Royal Commission, under the Chairmanship of Lord Dunedin, to investigate the whole problem—though its terms of reference did not include the origins of the Lloyd George personal fund alleged to have been acquired through traffic in honours. As a result of the Commission's Report, a standing committee of three privy councillors was set up to scrutinize the names of all those recommended for honours by the Prime

Minister to his Sovereign. To-day this Committee consists of Lord Templewood, Lord Pethick-Lawrence and Lord Thurso. I suspect they rarely find it necessary to reject names from the lists submitted to them. The mere existence of such a committee is in itself a strong guarantee that doubtful names will not be included when the Honours List is first being prepared.

If the Dunedin Commission improved the quality of those receiving honours, it did nothing to diminish their number. Except for a handful of Royal dukedoms, the premier rank of the peerage has remained inviolate during the present century. Yet of the 109 viscounts who to-day may sit in the House of Lords, 85 bear titles created since 1900. Turning to baronies, 307 out of the 540 whose holders may sit in the Upper House have been created during the past 56 years. Nor do these figures include the many peerages conferred since 1900 which have since become extinct. The Labour Governments alone from 1945 to 1951 created 98 peers in order to replenish Socialist representation in the Lords. Less easy to justify are the 39 baronetcies created by Conservative Governments since 1951.

Even allowing for the increase in population during recent years, decorations have been no less lavishly bestowed. In the last three Honours Lists, the total numbers of appointments to the Order of the British Empire, including awards of the British Empire Medal, were 1,735, 1,730 and 1,850 respectively—these figures, to save time, calculated to the nearest ten. In the corresponding three Honours Lists for 1938 and 1939, the total were 654, 553 and 272—smaller, and thus more accurately compiled by the present writer. To-day the Order embraces well over 100,000 men and women, a gilded horde eclipsed only by the 225,000 of the Legion of Honour.

Less alarming, though substantial numbers of appointments are also being made twice a year to the Orders of the Bath, of St. Michael and St. George and, more sparingly, to the Royal Victorian Order. A bi-annual list of between twenty and

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thirty new knights bachelor is far from unusual. The Garter, the Thistle, the Order of Merit, the Royal Victorian Chain and the Order of Companions of Honour alone retain that distinction which rarity confers. All except the last now lie wholly within the Royal prerogative.

However numerous honours have become, few would wish for their abolition. At their lowest they are ways by which public service may be rewarded at almost no cost to the Government. They are also colourful and decorative. Some are even romantic, though we have nothing quite to touch the old Russian Cross of St. George, the qualification for which was to have led a victorious army in the field; or the Hungarian Order of Maria Theresa, bestowed for having broken into an infantry square. The Garter comes closest to the ideal, in spite of a disturbing Statute which reads:

If any knight companion should be found in public without his garter, and that the same was not buckled about his leg in decent and usual manner, on challenge thereof he should pay a noble to the Dean of Windsor.

Reform and reticence rather than abolition should be the approach to the problem of swollen Honours Lists. A letter written by Ramsay MacDonald to Sir John Reith in 1934 epitomizes the matter:

There is a growing assumption that honours are attached to offices. I think it is a thoroughly bad principle, although the custom has become so strong that I cannot stop it. All I can do is to prevent it spreading. An aspect of this is also thoroughly bad in itself, that certain bodies should be able to claim that certain of their officials should be honoured. This is really not the purpose of honours at all, and it means that every year a growing percentage of the Honours List is less of national recognition than of a status in the hierarchy.

In this lies a truth running right through each Honours List, from the viscountcy of



Photo: Camera Press.

A KNIGHT OF THE SECOND ELIZABETHAN AGE :
MR. HENRY CHANNON (NOT YET DUBBED).

a retiring Cabinet Minister to the British Empire Medal of a retiring sub-postmaster.

French intentions to reduce the number of awards made in the Legion of Honour are meeting stout opposition. Similar efforts to curb the numbers of the Order of the British Empire—whose title in any case now bears little relation to the services performed by its recipients—would have slender chance of success. Some of the men who normally receive decorations under the old system would perhaps be prepared to relinquish them under the new. I should not care, however, to thwart an Englishman's wife in her ruthless pursuit of an O.B.E.

KENNETH ROSE.

ST. GEORGE AND *FOIE GRAS*

By PETER KIRK, M.P.

EUROPE was very much the "done thing" in the late 1940s. The crusade for a United Europe—a phrase sufficiently vague to leave it in doubt whether a Federal Europe was contemplated or not, and yet sufficiently concrete to inspire the idealist—was in full swing; and at universities and other places where such crusades may be expected to receive their full impetus, young men and women hurled themselves into the work with much the same zeal and enthusiasm, to say nothing of dedication, with which their predecessors went off to the International Brigade, and their successors took medical supplies to Budapest. (The remnants of that dedicated band can still be found, a little puzzled now, in the Secretariat at Strasbourg.)

Nor is the parallel as inexact as might seem. It was the belief that if Europe could be united, the main cause of war in the world would have been removed—for even at that late date, there were few who could seriously think of a world war originating from causes outside Europe—which inspired them in the work, and the open hostility of Ernest Bevin ("Once you open that Pandora's box, you never know how many Trojan horses may come out of it") only drove them on. Mass meetings all over Europe culminated in the great Congress of Europe at The Hague in 1948, addressed by Winston Churchill himself. The Labour Government, displaying that infelicity which so often beset them in really unimportant matters, refused to allow Labour M.P.s to attend; within a year, Bevin had given way, and the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe met for the first time at Strasbourg. "Europe must unite or perish," Churchill had said at Zurich; Europe had united, at precisely the moment when the spotlight shifted away from Europe.

The Council of Europe is very largely the creation of one man, Duncan Sandys. His success as Minister of Housing and

Local Government has tended to obscure the immense achievement of an ex-Minister, regarded by many merely as Churchill's son-in-law—a mistake none would make now—without office and without even a seat in Parliament, in persuading, cajoling, and, in the case of his own Government, forcing the peoples of Europe into a union which none of them really wanted, and none would have contemplated two years before. It is sad, indeed, that neither Churchill nor Eden has seen fit to use his remarkable talents at the Foreign Office; it took the *New Statesman and Nation*, of all papers, to remind us a few weeks ago of his amazing success without any official backing behind him at all.

Unfortunately, in their new-found zeal for United Europe, the Ministers of the Governments concerned not only established the Council in one of the most inaccessible spots on the Continent, but also omitted to give it anything to do. The Labour Government remained openly hostile to the whole idea, though Herbert Morrison, before he became Foreign Secretary, regularly led the Labour Party delegation. The other nations gathered at Strasbourg, however, did not worry about it overmuch; sooner or later, the Conservatives were bound to get back into power, and then a Government headed by one who was the First Gentleman of Europe in a way the Prince Regent never was, would inaugurate the millennium. Europe, led by Britain, would march towards the light.

In October 1951, the millennium came. The Tories came back to power, and Winston Churchill was their Prime Minister; now, surely, Britain would emerge as the leader of Europe. It took only a few months to show how wrong the European leaders were in this assessment, and the final disillusionment came, inevitably, over a plan which the Tory Party had itself produced.

ST. GEORGE AND FOIE GRAS

The idea of a European Army, with a European Defence Minister with supranational powers, had first been suggested during the Strasbourg session of 1950. Various people have been credited with the parentage, but there seems to be no doubt that Duncan Sandys first thought of the idea, and that it was sold to the leaders of Europe at a series of informal dinner parties at Churchill's villa. The plan was taken up enthusiastically by the Schuman-Adenauer combination, which was already emerging in European affairs as a stronger force even than Churchill; and from it EDC, the noblest and bravest of all European conceptions, emerged. EDC was unique in being a completely selfless plan; it demanded sacrifices from all, particularly from France and Germany, and the statesmen in those countries were prepared to make the sacrifice. Whatever may be said against the leaders of post-war France, this is to their credit; they included men like Schuman and Bidault, who were prepared to put their whole political future into the balance for a shining idea.

They lost, because Britain killed EDC by refusing to have anything to do with it. Paul-Henri Spaak resigned in disgust as President of the Consultative Assembly, and Europe became in effect the "Six"—the Messina Powers—who now went ahead with their own plans for a Coal and Steel Community, a Customs Union, and a combined European Atomic Energy Scheme (Euratom). Britain refused to join the Coal and Steel Community, a refusal which successive Ministers of Fuel and Power must have bitterly regretted as they surveyed our dwindling coal stocks. Strasbourg continued as a kind of twitching corpse, its every effort—such as the plan for the abolition of passports—inevitably frustrated by the British veto.

By the spring of last year, European observers were openly wondering why the British still bothered to send a delegation to the Consultative Assembly each year, and so were the British delegates themselves. And then, in September, came the momentous news. In Washington, Harold Macmillan, the only British Foreign

Secretary who had taken the trouble to visit the Consultative Assembly in years, produced his plan for a free trade area, associating Britain indissolubly with the Customs Union in one general Common Market. The effect at Strasbourg was electric, to the extent that some of the Messina Powers are openly prepared to abandon the plans for a Customs Union, to work in more closely with Britain. The Autumn Session of the Consultative Assembly was the liveliest for years. Even Western European Union, the sickly substitute for EDC with British co-operation woke up, and its Assembly began to demand its rights, led, almost incredibly, by the British Conservative delegation.

Since then matters have proceeded at breakneck speed. Some genius at the Foreign Office having discovered that Europe had much more in common with us than America over the Suez dispute, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd has announced our determination to strengthen the bonds of the European alliance. Dr. Adenauer has come out for a fully-elected Lower House for the Consultative Assembly, and Signor Martino, of Italy, has gone further and said that the Assembly of WEU should be elected as well. (These suggestions have been received with noticeable coldness in Whitehall, where the dislike of responsible Assemblies is most marked.) It almost seems as if 1949 is here again.

But with a difference. Then, as now, Europe realizes that everything depends on Britain; but then, Europe trusted Britain. Now, the trust is gone; perfidious Albion, the image which had faded almost to disappearing point in the immediate post-war years, has re-emerged, and Britain's new enthusiasm for Europe is received with something approaching coolness. Yet, the British plans, so far as they have yet been revealed, are in fact the most practical for European unity which have yet been devised.

The tragedy of Strasbourg is that, at the moment when it was born, the reason for its birth disappeared. Russian aggression on the Continent declined after the breaking of the Berlin blockade, an event which anticipated the first meeting of the

Consultative Assembly by only a few months. Fear, the most compelling force towards unity, was removed; unless Britain was prepared to come in without that compulsion, the attempt at a wider European union was doomed from the start.

After Suez and Hungary, the old line-up of power blocs in the world has been at least partially destroyed. Britain has been the chief loser, and for her some realignment of her policy is essential. A federal union with Europe is out of the question, for many reasons, the chief of which is Britain's participation in the Commonwealth; but a functional union, along the lines of OEEC or even EDC would help to fill the vacuum. It will inevitably involve some diminution of sovereignty, but sovereignty is not worth

much unless you are able to use it, and Suez has shown that we cannot.

It will take Britain months, if not years, to overcome the suspicions of the European leaders and convince them that what she now wishes to do is to integrate Britain and Europe by functional means. A great deal will depend on the progress made on the Common Market negotiations; other lesser factors include a less rigid interpretation of the London and Paris Agreements setting up WEU and her role in Euratom. But if we can work our passage home, it may well be that Duncan Sandys's great work will be crowned with the final jewel of British leadership. I could wish that he were the Foreign Secretary to achieve this.

PETER KIRK.

APPLE OF THE HESPERIDES

By HAMILTON KERR, M.P.

(With sketches by the author)

IF you approach Hong Kong by air in the late afternoon or evening, you feel that you are looking at a picture by one of the Chinese masters. Countless islands rise out of the ocean, a pale mist masks their base; but their high, mountainous and fretted ridges form a hundred silhouettes pleasing to the eye. As the aeroplane loses height, and you circle over the island of Hong Kong itself, tall white buildings come into view. They cluster everywhere—down by the water's edge where busy craft skim backwards and forwards like water beetles—and upon the very highest crest of all, the famous Peak. You feel that New York has planted itself down in the bay of Rio de Janeiro, and the effect is both dramatic and beautiful. The only Chinese touch I could see, a picture I already knew from postcards, was the tall white pagoda in the Tiger Balm Garden, the gift of a Chinese millionaire who made a fortune from this miraculous cure.

I am told that the airport of Hong Kong, lying on the water's edge of the

mainland, is one of the most difficult in the whole world to approach. You skim a hilltop, then you flop down quickly on to a short 1,700 yards runway, and afterwards seem to stop only just in time at the foot of a mountain. But the whole scene is so beautiful that I—who usually feel that every bump and bang in an aeroplane means that the tail or one of the engines is about to fall off—only experienced a feeling of exhilaration and excitement. However, a new runway is rapidly being constructed. It stretches out far into the harbour and, when completed, will allow landings both at day and night.

A ferry service plies backwards and forwards between Kowloon on the mainland and the island of Hong Kong. From the decks of the ferry boats you can see the whole activity of the port—ocean liners, oil tankers, tramp steamers, busy panting tug-boats, and of course countless Chinese junks whose picturesque forms and rigging add a touch of poetry to the scene. You are not surprised to learn that the tonnage

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passing through the port exceeds that of Liverpool. On the island and on the mainland the streets are crowded. The pavements are wedged with busy, talkative Chinese, and cars often move in a continuous stream, like goods on a conveyor belt. In addition, the Chinese shop signs which clamber up the façades of the houses, the signs nearly always red in colour and covered with graceful lettering—give an air of gala and fête, as if the whole city was in a perpetual mood of celebration. And, of course, Hong Kong is the greatest shopping centre of the Far East, whose treasures would have glugged the avarice even of an Ali Baba. Gorgeous silks from the interior of China are spread before you on the counter, and jewels and jade add to the glitter as you wander from store to store. It seems as if the Colony is inhabited, not by human beings but by some tribe of genii who have survived from the days of the Arabian Nights. Silk shirts, suits and pyjamas are made overnight and delivered in the morning and all at a tenth of the price in Europe. And in the streets of the antique dealers you are simply torn apart by temptation. Jades, porcelains, lacquer, antique statuary beckon to you from every side, and I for one became like an enraged truffle hound, digging ever more frenziedly for hidden treasures.

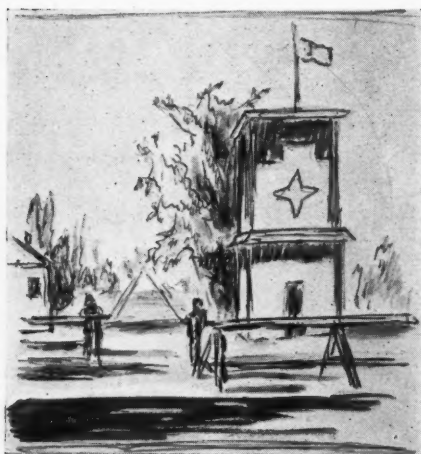
All this activity, all this prosperity, all these people, tell a fascinating and dramatic story. Before the fall of Chiang Kai-Shek the population of the Colony was estimated at about 900,000; now it is 2½ millions. Whilst these Chinese refugees have brought great prosperity, they have also brought their own problems. The main one is how to house the new population. The rehousing plans of the Colony have excited well-merited admiration. We spent a morning looking at these. Our party included Dame Irene Ward, M.P., Major Tufton Beamish, M.P., Mr. Albert Roberts, M.P., and myself. The latest arrivals from China are placed temporarily in huts. Whilst the overcrowding in these shanty towns is naturally terrible—a family of five sometimes live, sleep and eat in a room barely 6 feet square—I noticed



HONG KONG : THE HARBOUR.

two characteristics of the Chinese race, namely, their cleanliness and their cheerfulness. There was absolutely no smell of bodies or bad air, as you would find in a slum in other parts of the world, and a smile never failed to bring one in return. After a time the refugees are able to move into large well-built blocks of flats which are rising everywhere at great speed. As space in Hong Kong is limited and valuable, the schools and playgrounds for the children are always placed on the flat rooftops—an excellent idea, as the children find their school in their own building and do not have to cross dangerous streets on the way.

To find employment for all these refugees countless new industries have been started in Hong Kong, principally cotton mills, light engineering and clothing shops. We visited one cotton mill equipped with the latest machinery, where the spinning, weaving and processing were carried out under one roof. Alas, poor Lancashire. When I was Member for Oldham, critics of the cotton trade were always advocating the same idea. Now Lancashire feels the competition of Hong Kong. Sometimes, as I lay in bed at night, I thought of all the



THE CHINESE FRONTIER.

wealth and activity of Hong Kong, and then reflected that only twenty-six miles away stood wooden-faced sentries, Tommy-gun in hand, whilst above their heads fluttered the scarlet flag of Communist China with its five gold stars; and behind these again, stretching almost into infinity, the 600 millions of people of the Chinese race dedicated to their new Marxist creed. Like everyone else, I would ask myself the question: Will the Chinese come over one day and seize this glittering golden apple of the Hesperides? They can grasp it in as short a time as the Japanese, unless, of course, the attack on Hong Kong means the beginning of a Third World War. Is Hong Kong sufficiently near the American sphere of influence to persuade the White House and Congress to guarantee this outpost of British Colonialism?

And the answer I received to such questions was nearly always the same: "For the moment it suits the Chinese to have us in Hong Kong. They want foreign exchange, and they obtain this through the vast trade of the port." The Chinese, indeed, are a tremendous people, hard-working and undefeatable, and, what is most pleasing, they laugh at the same jokes as we do. You cannot help liking them, and I wish we could be friends.

A trip to the Chinese frontier is, of course, one of the features of a visit to Hong Kong. The drive through the leased territories is exceedingly beautiful. Long arms of the sea spread their fingers through tall brown and green mountains, and you feel at once that you are travelling down the West Coast of Scotland. The frontier is a small stream crossed by a wooden bridge. The remains of the previous iron bridge still stand beside it, blown up when the Japanese began their advance in 1941. On the Chinese side of the frontier stands an observation tower with the red flag of China above it. Beyond it the flat fields form part of collective farms. As you walk out halfway across the bridge, in the very centre of the tiny stream, the Chinese sentries and officers emerge from their guard posts and advance a third of the way towards you. And there they stand motionless, impassive, like the guardian at the gate of a Buddhist shrine, the whole of the time you remain upon the bridge. We must have stood quite a quarter of an hour laughing and chatting, but the sentries maintained the impassiveness of carved stone.

On the second day of our visit we caught the midnight boat to the Portuguese settlement of Macao. The scene was pure Hollywood. The lounge of the steamship was panelled with glass, lit from behind with coloured bulbs, just like an American juke box. The radio played the rhythm of a sensuous tango as the lights of Hong Kong, clambering up the steep mountain-side, faded to the view, and the numberless passengers, English, Chinese, Eurasian, Portuguese, proceeded to drink, gamble or retire to their cabins. Macao is a favourite resort for honeymooners from Hong Kong, or for those who want to gamble in its Casino. It is also said that opium can easily be obtained there. Even more defenceless than the other Portuguese settlement in the East, namely, Goa, which Mr. Nehru has described as "a pimple on the face of India," it is the oldest European settlement in the Far East, dating from 1557.

At three o'clock in the morning, when the boat docked, we were woken up by a

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babble of voices on the quayside, so loud, violent and prolonged that it assumed a comic quality, like the attempt to create crowd scenes in family charades. Useless to sleep in our cabins until 7 a.m., as we were allowed to do, so at dawn I walked up on deck to watch the sunrise.

In the last century Sir John Bowring, a Governor of Hong Kong, described Macao as "the gem of Orient Earth," and it merits this praise not only for its island position at the mouth of the Canton River, but for the beauty of its architecture. You find yourself suddenly in a Portuguese town of the 17th century. The silhouettes of baroque churches rise above the rooftops of houses painted with brilliant colour washes—pink or pistachio green. Two hills dominate the small island. Upon the tallest, like a white church candle, stands the oldest lighthouse in the Far East, and upon the other the fort built by the first settlers, where antique cannon peer through their embrasures at the mainland of China, less than a mile away. A narrow strip of water, barely a quarter of a mile broad, separates Macao from China, and our guide told us that refugees often tried to swim across after dark. But the Portuguese authorities invariably turn their backs. Defenceless Macao maintains her position mainly as a good neighbour, and obtains her meat, fruit and vegetables from the mainland. During the last war Macao was the only place in the Far East not occupied by the Japanese; refugees poured in from Hong Kong, and its population rose from 200,000 to half a million. All the food in the Colony was strictly shared out. When we consider the positions of Goa and Macao, a genius for survival seems to persist in the Portuguese Colonial system, a combination of firmness and tact.

We were driven for breakfast to the British Consulate, which stands above the famous Praia Grande, a seaside drive skirting the island, and flanked with banyan trees. From the terrace of the Consulate you look over the tree-tops to the bay crowded with fishing junks, and to the hills of the neighbouring islands, some of which are Portuguese and some Communist.



MACAO : RUINED CHURCH OF ST. PAUL.

Next to the Consulate stands an elegant pink stucco house heavily defended with barbed wire. It belongs to the widow of some Chinese magnate who accumulated a large fortune and who feared the vengeance of rivals. A charming plaque of St. Thomas in blue and white tiles, similar to many others in Portuguese cities, is considered to add extra protection.

But the whole atmosphere of Macao differs from that of Hong Kong; in the latter all trade, bustle and prosperity; in the former an elegant repose and seclusion. I should love to retire to Macao for six months on the excuse of writing a book. Macao has indeed been a place of refuge throughout the centuries. The poet Camoens wrote some of his best verses here, and a beautiful flowered garden commemorates his name. You are shown the home of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the founder of the first Chinese revolution—a building with a half Moorish, half Gothic, flavour. But the English visitor will certainly pause in the Protestant cemetery before

two graves, the one of Chinnery, the enchanting 18th-century painter of the Far East, and the other of a member of the Churchill family, a naval officer, who died in Macao roads in the middle of the 19th century.

As the boat sails away from Macao, you feel that you have lost a friend of too short

acquaintance and, as the afternoon sun, as golden as the dragons which formerly decorated the Imperial throne, slowly sinks over the mainland of China, you sense—in the words of Delacroix—that you have experienced “the exquisite sensation of living a poem.”

HAMILTON KERR.

AMERICA'S DIVIDED PARTIES

By DENYS SMITH

SUPERFICALLY there is one similarity between the British and the American political scene. In both countries both parties are troubled with schisms and shifts, or possible shifts, in leadership. The news of Eden's resignation reached Washington at the very time Senators of both parties were paying tribute to the Republican Senate Leader, “Bill” Knowland, who had announced that he would not seek re-election next year when his term expires. One of Macmillan's first tasks, seen from this side of the Atlantic, will be to consolidate the Conservative Party ranks. Eden's retirement paved the way for that operation. Knowland's retirement, on the contrary, opened the way for further Republican division. It was not due to ill-health. Knowland is a hale and hearty forty-nine. It was a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*, a retirement to find better ground for a jump into the White House in 1960.

That date may seem a long way off, but every day which passes brings the time closer when Eisenhower can no longer be the Republican leader. The twenty-second Amendment, which came into effect in 1951, states that no President can hold office for more than two terms. This knowledge is already having its effect. When the President appeared personally before Congress to deliver his annual Message on the state of the Union, he

was applauded only five times. His reception was perfunctory to the point of being uninterested. When Eisenhower delivered his annual Message four years ago he was applauded nearly every other sentence. Yet his victory in November was even more decisive than his earlier victory. Part of the difference may be due to the fact that he is no longer a new political phenomenon. Also his proposals were not new, except his Middle East plan, which would be better termed belated than new. But one cannot help feeling that the chief difference is that during his first term every Republican member of Congress felt certain that he would run for a second term. Now they know that he cannot run for a third.

As Republican enthusiasm for the President diminishes so do the President's chances of modernizing the Republican Party and hand-picking his successor. The President is still popular throughout the country, and that popularity can be tapped to bring pressure to bear on members of Congress. But this indirect method of gaining support is more cumbersome and uncertain than direct reliance on the loyalty of Republican members of Congress. Vice-President Nixon, looked upon as Eisenhower's preferred choice for the Presidency in 1960, will have to rely more upon his own political strength than upon the President's influence. This is where

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Knowland's coming retirement is important. Both Knowland and Nixon are from California, but there the similarity ends. Knowland is not small or petty, either physically or mentally. He is direct, gravely courteous, genial rather than humorous. Nixon is four years younger, an expert in the art of public relations, shrewd, flexible and diplomatic. Of the two, Knowland is the more popular with fellow-members of the club-like Senate. When he announced his retirement the Democratic leader of the Senate, Lyndon Johnson, said in part: "As a human being I know of no finer man than the senior Senator from California. Integrity and honour are words which frequently are used with little content. But when they are applied to Bill Knowland they assume a precise accuracy. . . . I would rather have his word than an engraved bond when it comes to determining the amount of confidence I place in any transaction."

Any Presidential candidate must usually control the delegation from his own State to be successful at the National Party Convention, and the larger that delegation is the more are his chances enhanced. California is the second largest State, next to New York in political importance. Both Knowland's and Nixon's bids for the Republican candidacy depend upon getting at least a majority of the Californian delegation. If Knowland seeks the Governorship of California next year and is elected, he will be in a strong position. His chances of controlling the Californian delegation will be increased. Knowland has made no secret of his Presidential ambitions. Before Eisenhower announced that he would be a candidate again despite his heart attack, Knowland allowed his name to be entered in the New Hampshire primary. He showed impatience with those who said that Eisenhower should name his successor if he did not run and remarked: "The nation would be better served by a wide open Republican race." If Nixon, with the support of ex-Governor Dewey and Leonard Hall, the retiring party Chairman, controlled the New York delegation he

might conceivably get the nomination without the support of California. But for Knowland the backing of his home State is essential.

Knowland has supported the President's domestic programme, but has occasionally differed on foreign affairs. He has not considered the President sufficiently firm in his dealings with the threat of international Communism, particularly in the Far East. Though less conservative than Senator Taft, who in turn was less conservative than most members of the so-called Taft wing of the Republican Party, Knowland has considered himself to be more the representative of the Republicans in the Senate than the representative of Eisenhower to the Senate. For that reason the right-wing Republicans have given him their support. They equally gave their support to Nixon last summer when he was under attack from Harold Stassen, another member of the Republican Party with Presidential ambitions. Stassen might conceivably in 1960 follow the same line as Kefauver in the last two Presidential campaigns and amass a large number of delegates in primary contests and so become a man to be reckoned with in the Party Convention. Stassen considers himself as a spokesman for the progressive wing of the Republican Party, though he has as little support among the party professionals as Kefauver. Nixon's smartest move might well be to allow Knowland to consolidate his position as leader of the Republican right wing and Stassen of the Republican liberal or progressive wing so that they would cancel each other out, leaving the road clear for Nixon, the compromise candidate, who would unite both wings. There are, however, no signs at present that Nixon has any such manoeuvre in mind. His aim appears to be to create an atmosphere of inevitability about his candidacy which will become too strong for any rival to shake.

The division in the Democratic Party is not based on any sub-surface rivalry between a Bevan and a Gaitskell. It is older and more deeply rooted in geography and history than the rivalry within the

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Republican Party. On the one side are the veteran leaders from the conservative South and on the other the Northern liberals, buttressed by the newly-formed Democratic Advisory Council. Members of this new Council include Stevenson, Truman and Mrs. Roosevelt, and a number of Congressional liberals such as Senator Humphrey. The Southern leaders refused to join. They felt perfectly able to formulate their own policy without outside help. In fact, it was a little naïve of the Democratic Party Chairman, Paul Butler, who conceived the idea of the Advisory Council, to suppose that the Southerners would be advise-able. The most obvious division between the two Democratic wings is that the Southerners object to Civil Rights legislation at the federal level. Another is that the Southern leaders have in the past shown a tendency to soft-pedal any criticism of Eisenhower.

The political philosophy of such men as the Speaker, Sam Rayburn, or the Senate Democratic leader, Lyndon Johnson, is very akin to that of the President, which makes co-operation and good personal relations easy. The Northern and Western Democrats blame this mild attitude for the defeat of Stevenson.

Whenever the divisions within the two American parties attract increased attention there is speculation that some fundamental re-alignment of American parties may be in prospect.

So far the shifts in allegiance have been mainly at the Presidential level. It will be interesting to see when the next Congressional elections take place in two years' time whether the dissolution of the normal party pattern will extend to a more appreciable extent to the local level as well.

DENYS SMITH.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, The National and English Review

THE S.S. : ALIBI OF A NATION

From Mr. J. Lesser.

SIR,

I read Mr. James Joll's review of Gerard Reitlinger's book with great interest and should like to add a footnote if I may. Your reviewer asks: "Was the Nazi State and its attendant horrors a peculiarly German phenomenon?" This question has been answered by a number of prominent Germans long ago.

The greatest German writer of our time, Thomas Mann, who fought National Socialism from 1922 to 1945, says in his post-war novel of Germany's pact with the Devil, *Doctor Faustus* (1946): "A patriotism which should boldly assert that this blood state which, in the words of Luther, took on its shoulders immeasurable crimes, is foreign to our national character and has no roots in it: such a patriotism would

seem to me more high-minded than realistic... We Germans perennially yearn for intoxication, and under its spell we committed, through years of deluded high living, most shameful crimes which must now be paid for." Professor Wilhelm Roepke who, although of pure "Aryan" blood, declined to serve Hitler and fled into exile, said to his fellow-countrymen in 1946: "Do not believe that it is enough to call the National Socialists a gang of criminals with whom you have nothing to do. There is no doubt whatever that National Socialism was the outcome of conditions peculiar to Germany alone. In order to germinate, the seed of Hitlerism had to find a favourable soil. Only a small minority of the German nation can exempt itself with a good conscience from the common guilt." The famous German poet, Reinhold Schneider, told his fellow-countrymen already in 1944, in a poem

CORRESPONDENCE

which he circulated secretly: "Do penance, pray and keep silent, for you are all guilty."

Several prominent Germans had also something important to say about the consequences of the German crimes. The poet, Hans Carossa, said that millions of Germans had believed "in the value of one race and the worthlessness of another and had drawn the conclusion that they have more right to live than other nations. They followed a *Führer* who arrogated to himself the right to decide which race should have permission to live. A few years pass by, and millions of innocent men, women and children are caught together, poisoned in gas chambers and killed by machine-guns and flame-throwers. One day, however, a terrible retribution falls upon that proud and mighty nation." Professor Helmut Gollwitzer, a Lutheran theologian, quoted the words of Christ: "For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again," and added: "Now the Germans have been measured with the same measure with which they have measured the Jews . . . We Germans, by our words and deeds against Jews and Poles, relished heartily the inhuman term of collective guilt before we became the object of this term ourselves. We must always remember 1933 whenever we speak of 1945."

Theodor Haecker, a prominent Roman Catholic thinker, entered in his diary in 1941: "On January 30, 1933, we declared the nation's apostasy from God. By persecuting the Jews the Germans are more and more nearing the fate of the Jews. They are crucifying Christ again to-day." As his compatriots were not only murdering millions of Jews, but also millions of Poles, Czechs and Russians, he added: "The Germans are digging graves for many nations, they themselves will fall into them. They are shovelling a grave for Greater Germany." Professor Ewald Wasmuth said after the war: "Nemesis is only the Greek name for the inescapable punishment which is the result of human guilt, the hubris of human hearts. All mankind believes that guilt, that a fault in man's relation to God, brings about

disaster, and that that disaster falls upon the heads of guilty and innocent alike."

J. LESSER.

122, Broadfield,
Broadhurst Gardens,
N.W.6.

January 6, 1957.

PARTY DISCIPLINE

From Miss Enid Lakeman.

SIR,

Earl Attlee in his article says that an M.P. who no longer enjoys the confidence of his constituency association should resign and "can then test the wishes of the electorate at a by-election, if he so wishes, or can withdraw."

A man of Earl Attlee's experience presumably does not say such things without some ground, but please will he explain how he thinks it possible for any M.P. to "test the views of the electorate at a by-election?" How, for example, could Mr. Nutting have used his by-election to find out whether the bulk of his constituents would rather have him continue as their M.P. or not?

Clearly, no such expression of opinion would be possible unless Mr. Nutting were himself a candidate in the by-election, in addition to a Conservative candidate taking the orthodox party line. But in the first place, Mr. Nutting, being still a good Conservative, would have great hesitation in standing at all, since the most likely result of thus splitting the Conservative vote would be to present the seat to Labour. And if he decided to risk that, it is most unlikely that the votes cast for him and for the other Conservative respectively would reflect the true opinions of the electors. Most people are well aware of the dangers of "splitting the vote"; most people, also, are aware of the advantage conferred on any candidate by the active support of his party organization. Therefore, many who would prefer Mr. Nutting to remain (either because of or in spite of his rebellion over Suez) would hesitate to vote for him on the ground that he had little chance of winning;

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many would vote for the official Conservative candidate, not because they preferred him, but because they believed him to have the better chance of keeping out the Socialist.

I submit that any real test of the wishes of the electorate is impossible under our present voting system. It can be provided only if we give voters a free choice among an unlimited number of candidates without risk of "splitting the vote"; i.e. if we change to the single transferable vote form of proportional representation, with the alternative vote for by-elections.

Yours faithfully,

ENID LAKEMAN.

*The Proportional Representation Society,
86 Eccleston Square,
London, S.W.1*

January 12, 1957.

MR. GAITSKELL'S HUNDRED DAYS

From Mrs. Toller.

SIR,

I have read with interest Mr. Curran's contribution to your current issue and, whilst finding myself not altogether at variance with a great deal of it, I most deeply resent finding myself likened to Lucifer looking forward to "a decade of deprivation for the sake of atomic investment on a scale grandiose enough to enable us to resume our place as a dominating power"—presumably the power to annihilate those less well-armed than ourselves.

Mr. Curran cannot surely be so young—or yet so ill-informed—as to have overlooked the slogan that his words immediately bring to mind—"Guns or Butter." If he is *that* young I would, as one who has lived through two wars nurtured into being by our enemies by the "study of revenge" and "immortal hate," advise him to dwell upon the beginning and the ending of the events between 1936 and 1946.

It is not by the doctrine of revenge and hate—the stuff that wars are made of—that we can, by example, lead the peoples of the world to the reality of a Brotherhood

of Nations by which our own civilization can alone hope to survive.

So long as Mr. Curran's kind of anti-Christian propaganda continues so the chances that our children shall grow up to live and not to die grow relatively less.

Yours faithfully,

A. TOLLER.

*Guards Club,
16 Charles Street,
Berkeley Square, W.1.*
January 5, 1957.

SUEZ CRISIS

From Capt. C. G. Moss.

SIR,

I have read your remarks in your December and January issues with interest but with almost total disagreement. I should like to ask you three questions:

1. Does the fact that a country is a member of UNO debar it from protecting its own vital interests or from acting on the vital interests of the free world? If it does, then the sooner we leave UNO as at present constituted the better.

2. Has this country always to be subservient to the United States of America, whose Government is a child in the arts and understanding of diplomacy compared with us?

3. Do you not think that Sir Anthony Eden, having been sickened time after time by the total lack of response from the U.S. Government to his repeated appeals for a co-ordinated Middle East policy, was justified in taking the law into his own hands, and does it not look as if America is now prepared to do what the British Government first had the courage to do?

I am a Conservative Agent and obviously concerned in this matter.

Yours sincerely,

C. GEOFFREY MOSS.

*Bath Conservative Association,
15 Johnstone Street, Bath.*
January 8, 1957.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

SCRAMBLED EGGS AND SINCERITY*

By ERIC GILLET

DURING the First World War, Leo Maxse, the redoubtable editor of *The National Review*, had occasion to write to Sir Arthur Markham: "I wish you would get a seat in Parliament," he said, "... because you have always been a real live critic who is not frightened to say what he thinks." The Markhams are a happily uncomfortable family, staunch fighters and valuable friends, and it seems natural that Miss Violet Markham's new book of reminiscences should be called *Friendship's Harvest*. In it she has assembled a company of interesting people, some famous, others unknown. She writes about them with charm and deep feeling. In her family she shows pride and an engaging sense of humour.

The Markhams [said one who had suffered from them], get up at unearthly hours, eat no regular meals and begin and end the day with scrambled eggs. They rush about from place to place, dictating letters in spare moments to perspiring secretaries from the windows of cabs and railway carriages. They turn up unexpectedly in works and offices and pounce on some unhappy manager who was doing his job according to his own leisurely lights. They then eat more eggs and dictate more letters. Finally they go to bed happy in the knowledge of having embittered existence during the day for anyone who had a soft job.

Such people do not fit easily into our Parliamentary system. They tend to be ignored except in times of national emergency, and this may be understood, if not approved, when one finds that the author's brother, Arthur, was on terms of sympathy and friendship with Gwynne of the *Morning Post*, Lord Haldane, Alfred Spender, Lloyd George and Leo Amery. It is not surprising that when Markham died of angina in 1916, Sir Richard Redmayne, in the House of Commons,

referred to "this turbulent, valiant, lovable man whose independence had caused so much trouble to so many people."

Sir Arthur may often have been a nuisance to those who were less clear-sighted than he was himself. There must be many who still remember how he brought pressure to bear on the War Office in the early days of the First War that numerous boys of between fourteen and seventeen who had been induced to enlist by a mixture of pressure and cajolement could be claimed by their families. He realized that these very young people, many of them killed in France and elsewhere, represented the capital of the future squandered without plan or method. It took only a few months of war to make him realize that properly planned national service was the remedy, and he would have been horrified if he had lived to see how badly it was handled by the authorities.

One of the most fascinating chapters deals with two older friends, Mrs. Herbert Paul and Countess Rose Raczyńska. Mrs. Paul, as a girl, knew Tennyson, who used to say, "I shall frighten that child" and then told her Irish ghost stories with great animation. He would imitate the shrieks of the Banshee in a blood-curdling way

* *Friendship's Harvest*. By Violet Markham. C. H. Reinhardt. 25s.

The Life of Hilaire Belloc. By Robert Speaight. Hollis and Carter. 30s.

Gertrude Stein: Her Life and Work. By Elizabeth Sprigge. Hamish Hamilton. 25s.

Further Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Second Edition. Edited by Claude Collier Abbott. Oxford University Press. 50s.

The Ghosts of Versailles. By Lucille Iremonger. Faber and Faber. 21s.

The African Giant. By Stuart Cloete. Collins. 21s.

Sultan in Oman. By James Morris. Faber and Faber. 16s.

Easter in Sicily. By Herbert Kubly. Gollancz. 18s.

Goa: Rome of the Orient. By Rémy. Arthur Barker. 21s.

and the girl lay awake for hours at night. More acceptable were his reminiscences of great Victorian figures. Fitzgerald parted with his wife because he could not bear the rustle of her silk dresses. Fitz hated bores and snobs. An acquaintance brought a lord into his conversation every turn. Fitz left the room only turning at the door to say, "I knew a lord once, but he is dead now."

Friendship's Harvest is a warm and kindly book full of good stories and sound judgments.

Mr. Robert Speaight must have undertaken the "official biography" of Hilaire Belloc with a certain amount of anxiety because he had to write after the publication of Mr. J. B. Morton's brilliant memoir, one of the best things of its kind in the language. Mr. Speaight has wisely avoided competition. He met Belloc first in 1938 and remained in touch with him until his death in 1953, but "I never pretended to a close acquaintance." Like Belloc, Mr. Speaight is a Roman Catholic, and he is particularly happy when he is dealing with the faith, which was the mainspring of Belloc's life. His treatment of his subject's enormous literary output is most wise. Sir John Squire once remarked that "the man who attempts to survey the writings of Belloc will think he is undertaking to write the literary history of a small nation." This is profoundly true, and although Mr. Speaight gives a fair, well-proportioned idea of what Belloc wrote, he never forgets that the man is his principal concern.

Quietly, methodically, Mr. Speaight assembles his material with the result that the reader is made to understand why Belloc wrote so much. Necessity drove him to it.

People who think of Chesterton and Belloc as men who were perpetually roaring out drinking songs, quenching enormous thirsts, and walking vast distances, are far wide of the mark. Belloc's output and his ambitions were much greater than those of his friend. Belloc had the fuller, richer personality. There was granite in him and his talents were far more masculine than Chesterton's. Belloc

served with the French Army, became an M.P., travelled widely, loved the sea and made yachting his principal hobby. He threw himself into controversy with much more zest than Chesterton ever showed, and wrote much finer lyric poetry. He excelled in extremes and, because Mr. Speaight has brought out vividly the different skeins in Belloc's character, he can be said to have succeeded, in his own quiet and temperate way, in giving a surprisingly full account of an extraordinary man.

One can pay a similar tribute to Miss Elizabeth Sprigge for *Gertrude Stein: Her Life*. They never met and so it cannot be said that Miss Sprigge came under the spell of a strong-minded lady who influenced Hemingway and Thornton Wilder, was a friend of Picasso, and was one of the first people to appreciate Fauve and Cubist painting and bewildered numerous people who only knew Gertrude Stein through her later and more eccentric writings. It seems that Miss Sprigge was struck by the author's "contemporaneousness, her often repeated conviction that the business of art is to live in and express the complex actual present, her lifelong effort to do this thing and the pleasure she had in being an artist."

Gertrude Stein was a strange mixture of vitality and inertia. Her personality was very strong indeed. She had a magnificent speaking voice. She was strikingly handsome. She was rich. Her interest in artists and writers who were experimenting on what she thought were promising lines was profound. People who have attempted to discover what she was trying to do in her own writing have been almost completely baffled by what she wrote in *An Elucidation*, with its cryptic first sentence, "Suppose, to suppose, suppose a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose."

Miss Stein was among the contemporary writers who have tried to force the language to do something beyond its resources, but in much that she wrote—in the *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* for instance—she showed a genuine ability to hit off people and places in a few sentences. It was when she displayed an almost

SCRAMBLED EGGS AND SINCERITY

Jamesian desire to penetrate to the heart of a matter that she became diffuse and sometimes incomprehensible. She had a sharp, shrewd eye, and could be a useful and helpful critic.

Miss Sprigge's book, sensible and careful as it is, is also picturesque and informative. It dispels an uninformed legend and substitutes for it the portrait of an original. It is over fifty years since Picasso painted Gertrude Stein and the result is a masterpiece, revealing and extraordinarily perceptive. Miss Sprigge has been much less ambitious. Her book is a good, workmanlike sketch.

The letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins, Robert Bridges, and Richard Watson Dixon are all of great importance to contemporary lovers of 19th-century poetry. The *Further Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, of which the second edition has just appeared, includes many new letters discovered in 1952 when the poet's younger brother died. Professor Claude Collier Abbott has edited the book with his usual skill and care. He has wisely printed together the letters exchanged by Hopkins and Coventry Patmore, author of *The Angel in the House*. Patmore, the older of the two, seems to have been impressed and slightly bewildered by his knowledgeable correspondent. Hopkins was an unpublished poet, but he could write with the greatest assurance, when confronted with the sixth edition of *The Angel*, that it was a good book, in the highest degree instructive, a book of morals. "It cannot indeed ever be popular quite with the general, but I want it to be popular as a classic is, read by many, recognized by all."

No wonder Patmore's reply was largely factual. Six large editions (10,500 copies) in England and more than twice that number in America are "quite as large a circulation as is safe." Tennyson, whose work had sold in much larger numbers, was even then suffering from the inevitable reaction. Hopkins's influence on Patmore was so strong that it once led him to throw the manuscript of "a little book" into the fire.

Hopkins's letters always reflect the

eager, questing temper of his mind. He was not among the great letter-writers, but his life at Oxford and afterwards was always concerned with things that matter and he wrote about them with tremendous zest and complete lack of self-consciousness. He was, in every sense of the word, a good correspondent.

When Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain brought out in 1911 their anonymous little book, *An Adventure*, about the strange goings-on they saw, or thought they saw, one summer afternoon at Versailles, ten years earlier, they made a small sensation. The book has gone on selling quietly ever since. In time their identity was revealed. Miss Jourdain had succeeded Miss Moberly as Principal of St. Hugh's, Oxford. Both became well-known Oxford personalities. Now Mrs. Iremonger has written a book about them and their adventure in which she has practised upon them the fashionable process of debunking. Who, she asks, were these ladies and what was their background? Why was their book written in such an odd way and how did it come to be published? Have any parallel experiences been recorded?

It makes a fascinating subject for a literary detective, and no one will deny that Mrs. Iremonger has written a most readable book. Few will think that it is a particularly pleasant one.

When Mr. John Gunther wrote *Inside Africa* he went almost everywhere and jotted down practically everything the general reader might want to know about the continent. The South African writer, Mr. Stuart Cloete, has been more selective. *The African Giant* concerns a year's travel with the author's wife from the Cape to the deserts of the north. The author seems to have had a golden key. He was a privileged person in that doors flew open for him everywhere. Introductions bred introductions. Governors, consuls, chiefs, close relatives of professed cannibals, all entertained the fortunate pair, and as long as Mr. Cloete keeps off politics which he is inclined to discuss dogmatically, he is an excellent guide and his knowledge of the country, far greater than Mr. Gunther's, is

invaluable to him and to the reader. He seems to have written many of his impressions almost on the spot. They are as vivid as possible. There is an impressive picture of the Belgian administration in the Congo, an anxious account of the Kenya situation (with an expurgated version of the tribal oaths of Mau Mau). "I have heard," Mr. Cloete writes, "sympathy expressed for the Mau Mau from the Cape of Good Hope to the Gold Coast."

Mr. Cloete thinks that the reason for this misguided feeling is to be found in the simile that Africa is like a black giant who has been disturbed in his 10,000-year sleep by Western civilization and is annoyed. He wants to be left alone so that he may go back to primitive savagery. "These anti-white, anti-progressive, anti-western feelings are more or less general among all Africans." This is a sweeping generalization and there are others like it. It is when the author describes wild life as he sees it that one is convinced at once by his acute observation and his ability to set it down.

Whether one agrees with Mr. Cloete's conclusions or not, there can be no doubt about the value of his notes about what he saw. They are enough to establish the importance of *The African Giant*.

James Morris's *Sultan in Oman*, is introduced by Mr. Peter Fleming, whose *Brazilian Adventure* was one of the first, as it is still one of the best, of the new-style travel books. It seems that in the autumn of 1955 Mr. Fleming heard that the Sultan of Muscat and Oman contemplated a *coup de main* in the mountainous interior of his territories. The editor of *The Times* sent Mr. Fleming there to act as his special correspondent, and at Basra he met Mr. Morris, *The Times* special correspondent in the Middle East. They parted there, after deciding presumably who should go where, and Mr. Morris's book tells exactly what happened to him and to the Sultan from the moment they set off from Dhufar on the Indian Ocean until the Sultan arrived with his

mission successfully completed at his other palace at Muscat on the Gulf of Oman.

It was a bloodless victory. The Imam of Oman, whose restive behaviour was the cause of the journey, came to heel. Mr. Morris was able to concentrate on the Sultan himself, a remarkable character and a whirlwind traveller, and also on South-eastern Arabia, a region almost unknown to Europeans. Mr. Morris writes with snap and sparkle. He is as inquiring as he is resourceful. He is as fascinated by the laconic Sultan as was Mr. J. R. Ackerley by his gigging Rajah in *Hindoo Holiday*. *Sultan in Oman* is another of the outstandingly good travel books of the day.

Mr. Herbert Kubly, a gifted American writer, attracted considerable attention with his *Stranger in Italy*, with its brilliant descriptions of Naples. In his new book, *Easter in Sicily*, the author confines his investigations to a smaller area, but his method is the same as in the earlier work. Naturally he is interested in the remarkable story of the bandit, Giuliano, and has an unrewarding interview with his mother. Touring the islands by motor bus he meets some curious birds of passage. At Agrigento he finds in the cathedral a badly-preserved mummy, which is presented to him as the Saint of Happiness.

Easter in Sicily is an intelligent, likeable book. The author is a very friendly person who gets over language difficulties easily. No sentimentalist, he sets down what he sees and hears with care, but it is his humanity which makes the book valuable.

This quality also distinguishes M. Rémy's *Goa: Rome of the Orient*. Drawing upon every available source, M. Rémy presents an unassailable case for Goa remaining a Portuguese possession. The Governor gave him free access to anyone he cared to interview, including the prisoners in the local jail, and wherever he went he found a people contented and reasonably prosperous who had no desire to be "liberated."

ERIC GILLET.

IN THE NAMIER TRADITION

IN THE NAMIER TRADITION

THE CHATHAM ADMINISTRATION, 1766-68.

By John Brooke. Macmillan. 36s.

SOME twenty-five years ago, Sir Lewis Namier published a masterly volume entitled *England in the Age of the American Revolution*, which was immediately recognized as setting a new standard in 18th century political history. It was intended as "the first volume of a larger work" which Sir Lewis has never been able to complete. But he now hopes to carry through an enlarged scheme, covering the thirty years 1754-84, with the aid of those younger historians who are working with him on the same period of the *History of Parliament*. His original volume, rewritten and entitled *Newcastle and Bute*, will in due course take its place within the series. And the first volume of this notable project, by Mr. John Brooke, has now been published.

The Chatham Administration is an achievement worthy of high praise. And one can only hope, first, that the entire series—unlike, for example, the *Oxford History of England*—will be available within a reasonable period of years; and, secondly, that the remaining volumes will maintain something like the same standard. A great deal of work on the early years of George III's reign has already been done, not only by Namier himself, but also by such historians as Richard Pares and Romney Sedgwick. But Mr. Brooke has drawn very heavily on material hitherto unpublished—notably from the *Rockingham Papers*. And he has in full measure the gift, so essential to a political or diplomatic historian, of being able to follow the course of intricate negotiations from several vantage points at the same time. One has only to read some recent accounts of, say, the 1931 crisis to realize how important this is. Sir Harold Nicolson's life of George V is by any standards a very good book, yet Dr. Dalton was surely justified in pointing out that Sir Harold could with profit have consulted an opponent of Ramsay Macdonald before writing his account of the Cabinet crisis which led up to the

formation of the National Government. For my part, I have never read anything of its kind more masterly than Mr. Brooke's reconstruction of the negotiations of July 1767. As Mr. Brooke points out, such a palm is not secured without a great deal of dust, yet the effort is worth while:

There is a great deal of printed material available for the study of these negotiations—much of it, however, so badly edited as to make it essential to see the original documents—and valuable unprinted material in the papers of the chief negotiators. To read through these documents is a tiresome experience. . . . But place [them] side by side and read different accounts of the same incident; best of all, compare the drafts of letters . . . with the letters as they were sent, and motives emerge, the fog lifts, and the negotiators are seen as armies on the field of battle, moving raggedly and in confusion, but controlled by purpose and will.

Incidentally, Mr. Brooke shows himself a true Namierite in his very proper concern for exactitude over dates, times and days of the week. Namier has set us a new standard of accuracy in such matters, and this really is essential if one wishes to reconstruct just what did happen.

But let me hasten to assure readers that the book ranges far wider than the minute comparison of drafts of letters. It is very far from being a volume for specialists only, and I cannot imagine anyone seriously interested in English history who would regret having devoted the time required for reading it. Of course, it is not recommended to those who start with an instinctive bias against political history in general, or against 18th century politicians in particular. (I must say I never read the comments of Mr. A. J. P. Taylor on this kind of book without reflecting that, of all orthodoxies, conscientious anarchic radicalism for its own sake is the most constraining—and the most idiotic!) But there are some who find detailed political or diplomatic history difficult, because it often becomes so hard to retain the main threads of the story; and they can be reassured. Yet Mr. Brooke never loses sight of the wood for the trees, and there

are plenty of signposts. Each intricate set of negotiations is preceded by a survey of what is going to happen, and there is an ample supply of pen-portraits and general reflections on the politics of the time. In addition, there is an excellent chapter on "Party in the Age of Grafton and Chatham," followed by a most valuable analysis of the Parties in July 1767.

The story of Chatham's administration is certainly a melancholy one. Mr. Brooke reminds us that: "The main theme of British domestic politics from 1760 to 1770 is the search for a stable Administration which would command the confidence of both Crown and Parliament. When in July 1766, George III commissioned William Pitt to form an Administration, this problem seemed on the way to being solved." Pitt demanded, and enjoyed, a degree of plenary authority which George III had entrusted to none of his earlier Ministers. But it proved in vain. "Within six months [Chatham] had aligned against him the three party groups then in Parliament"—the Rockinghams, the Bedfords and the Grenvilles. There were no political achievements. Abroad, Chatham's plan of a triple alliance between Great Britain, Prussia and Russia "was soon abandoned." At home, his proposal for an inquiry into the East India Company "was opposed [in the Cabinet] by the two men on whom its success largely depended"—Conway and "champagne" Townshend. By the end of 1766, Chatham had retired to Bath. And for the rest of his Administration, petulant and ailing, he remained in a state of "splenetic isolation" from his colleagues, refusing to transact business, to explain his policies, or even to give advice to his hard-pressed and incompetent lieutenant the Duke of Grafton.

The year 1767 was the year of the foolish and ill-starred Townshend duties, levied on the American Colonies. By July of that year, it seemed as though the Ministry would break up; and the stage was set for the negotiations between the Rockinghams and the Bedfords—"the most complicated and significant of all the negotiations for a new Ministry during the

first ten years of George III's reign"—which Mr. Brooke unravels with rare skill. Rockingham refused to come in alone without the Bedfords, because he feared the influence of the Court party and the sinister shadow of Lord Bute. But he would only accept the support of the Bedfords and the Grenvilles on the understanding that they—and the King—recognized his own pre-eminence. Bedford, for his part, "gave an absolute refusal" to Rockingham's insistence that Conway should lead in the House of Commons; and so the negotiations broke down. The upshot was ironical. In December, the Bedfords joined the Administration, which they greatly helped to secure; and time would show that the negotiations of July 1767 were "the watershed between the period of short-lived Ministries which marked the first seven years of George III's reign, and the period of comparative stability under North." Thus it was the abject failure of Chatham's Administration that brought about those novel groupings which were to sustain Lord North during one of the most disastrous episodes of British history.

Chatham lingered on as nominal head of the Government until October 1768. His personality and achievement have never been described more finely, nor assessed more fairly, than in Mr. Brooke's epilogue:

Chatham was incomparably the greatest British statesman of the 18th century: none could match him in boldness of purpose or extent of achievement. Almost alone among his contemporaries he saw the vision of Britain expanded across the world, and set her feet firmly on the path of imperial greatness. The loss of Britain's fairest provinces did not destroy her empire or quench the fire Chatham had kindled. Though his last years were sad, much of his work endured: North America remained the home of English-speaking peoples, Britain enlarged her foothold in India to comprehend almost the entire continent, and her sense of power and purpose developed in spite of her defects in the American War

Mr. Brooke also points out that: "More than any other Minister of this age, he

IN THE NAMIER TRADITION

placed the public welfare in the forefront of politics." True, indeed; there was all the difference in the world between Chatham's plan for the East India Company, and that of Townshend and Conway. "Chatham's plan," says Mr. Brooke "was that Parliament should determine that the Company had no right to its territories in India, that these territories were vested in the Crown which was entitled to enjoy the revenues therefrom, but that part of those revenues should be returned to the Company in exchange for the Company undertaking the administration of the territories." Whereas Conway and Townshend believed just the opposite—the State should certainly draw a revenue from the Company, but "the Company should retain the title-deeds of its Indian territories." It is, I think, worth stressing the extent to which, where the public welfare was concerned, Chatham saw clearly in advance of his time.

But he was a poor politician:

[Chatham] could inspire men but could not work with them. . . . He looked with contempt upon the work of cultivating a majority in the House of Commons. . . . [He] never realized until too late the significance of rudimentary political groups. . . . Even had he maintained his health in 1767, he would have been compelled to seek the support of some political group to strengthen his position. It was not his illness alone that wrecked his Administration: it was the mixture of grandeur and aloofness which made so great a statesman so poor a politician.

One might well apply to Chatham the words used by Mr. H. R. Trevor-Roper to castigate a far less great man, Archbishop Laud: "He made no effort to build up a party in support of his policy. . . . He needlessly alienated possible supporters; he made no effort to win adherents; he offered no concessions; he had very few friends."

Next to Chatham, the most prominent figure in the book is the Marquess of Rockingham. Mr. Brooke quotes Macaulay's estimate of the Rockingham party: "They were men worthy to have charged by the side of Hampden at Chalgrove,

. . . They carried into politics the same high principles of virtue which regulated their private dealings. . . . Such men we hold in honour as the second founders of the Whig Party"—and so on. Mr. Brooke's own estimate is worth quoting at some length:

The American war not only swelled their number; it gave them a policy and a cause, which brought them posthumous renown in the 19th century. Yet the Rockinghams did not go into opposition to resist the alleged unconstitutional power of George III, or for more liberal treatment for the American colonies. When they began their opposition, the King had surrendered his political power into the hands of a Minister [Chatham] who had been their ally in the repeal of the Stamp Act, and had even denied to Great Britain the right to tax her colonies. The Rockinghams went into opposition because that Minister, rash and arrogant, had dismissed one of their number [Edgecumbe] from office: they broke with him on no grounds of principle or policy, and they were ready to coalesce against him with the men who had opposed their American policy only a year before. But during this period of opposition, they devised principles, and the logic of events forced a policy upon them, neither of which influenced their behaviour in November 1766.

All this is true enough, and I do not doubt that Mr. Brooke's strictures on Rockingham personally are justified: "Without great abilities, with little application, diffident and ineffective as an orator, Rockingham has shone in history with the reflected light of other men." He was concerned with "men, not measures." For all that, it would be an error to underrate his importance. In the first place, Rockingham's concern for "consistency" was an important step in the evolution of party, even though his own ideas did not run beyond consistent opposition to the supposed influence of Lord Bute, and to Grenville's American policy—when it was carried out by Grenville. Secondly, I think perhaps Mr. Brooke might have emphasized a little more clearly—as Sir Richard Pares does so well in his Ford Lectures—that Rock-

ingham twice tried—and failed—"to enclose the King in a Coalition of his own making." Both in January 1766 and July 1767, it was, as Horace Walpole observed, "as if they expected every man should depend on King Rockingham and nobody on King George." But these precedents were important; and in 1783 Fox was to demand *carte blanche* from the King over ministerial appointments, even to junior offices. Incidentally, I think Mr. Brooke is on a very good point when he draws an analogy between the abortive negotiations of July 1767 and the Fox-North Coalition of 1783. But of course the American War had intervened, and that made all the difference. It was not only the Younger Pitt who felt that for Fox to forgive North for his first failings was to carry the doctrine of "men, not measures" rather far.

The chapter on "Party in the Age of Grafton and Chatham" is one of the best in the book. As Mr. Brooke fairly points out, the political, economic and social circumstances of the time render old-fashioned notions of "Whigs" and "Tories"—on the analogy of Conservatives and Socialists—obviously absurd:

When a nation is agreed on the fundamentals of government, and when the service of government is open to all classes or interests capable of the work; when the extent of government's activity is restricted to the maintenance of order, the defence of property, and the conduct of foreign affairs, conditions are not suitable for the growth of parties.

He sums up the 18th century rules of the game as follows:

In the 18th century a party rarely created an Administration; an Administration always created a party. . . . An Administration was built up around the Court party, with one or more of the political groups added, and with the goodwill of the independents. The political groups gave the Administration the façade of being founded on party, which disguised the fact that its majority was based on the party of the Crown. It was desirable to include as many groups as possible to reduce the quality of the opposition, but since their leaders could

only be accommodated in the highest offices, some had to be left out.

As Mr. Brooke points out, Burke's famous description of the Chatham Administration as "a piece of diversified mosaic" could fairly have been applied to every administration of the period. When party leaders resigned or were dismissed, they were able to take some—though not all—of their followers into opposition. But, "There was no convention to guide. . . . Party history in the 18th century is the study of men: their friendships, their connections, their ambitions, their interests."

I would add just two comments. First, I hope a future contributor to this series will pay more attention than Mr. Brooke has done to the permanent "outs" of 18th century politics—the independent country gentlemen; because I suspect that the present Master of Balliol, Sir Lindsay Keir, may be right in his suggestion that: "The tradition of a 'Country' party as against the 'Court' party—inherited from the 17th century—still persisted. Many constituencies, e.g. Northamptonshire, always returned Tories from 1689 and throughout the 18th century." Secondly, it is interesting to find Mr. Brooke pointing out that: "When a bill was the subject of debate the House fell naturally into two sides—those for and against. *Intermediate positions were possible but not easily taken, and two parties tended to emerge.*" (My italics.) I have long believed that the evolution of our modern party system has been far more closely bound up with the growth of public bill legislation than most historians have realized.

One of the most interesting features of this book is the light which it casts on the attitudes of so many contemporary politicians to the American Colonies. George Grenville alone "held a completely logical policy. . . . He held that America could be taxed and ought to be taxed, and he repeated it over and over again. . . . His reputation for sound finance was so high, his stature in the House of Commons was so commanding, and there was so much

GOLDEN TONGUE

truth and popular appeal in what he had to say, that no Administration could afford to ignore his arguments and their influence in the House." In the final chapter, Mr. Brooke prints a most interesting letter from Dowdeswell, Rockingham's Chancellor of the Exchequer, who realized very clearly that the crux of the matter was not the grievance caused by the imposition of taxes, but the principle raised by the continued assertion of British sovereignty. Dowdeswell's "clear and honest analysis" did indeed lead to the conclusion that—in Mr. Brooke's words—"the American problem was insoluble in terms admissible to the British Parliament"; and I think Mr. Brooke sums up the position fairly when he suggests that:

Granted the supposition . . . that Great Britain held full sovereignty in America, there was much to be said for Grenville's views, little for Rockingham's, and nothing at all for the miserable compromise Grafton and North put into effect.

But it was a pity that so honest and sensible a man as Dowdeswell should have persisted in taking this supposition for granted.

I will make just two very brief suggestions in conclusion, in the hope that they may catch the eye of a future contributor to this series. First, I feel it would be a help if the volumes were to include short potted biographies of the principal personages—either in footnotes or together in an introduction. We are, for example, all apt to forget that Lord Camden had formerly been the Mr. Justice Pratt, who had declared General Warrants illegal; while a reader who is told that Lord Sandwich had formerly served as a Secretary of State naturally asks himself "under whom?" (actually it was George Grenville). Secondly, while no one values strictly political history more than I do, it is just as well for the reader to be reminded at some point of the social and economic background. The period of the Chatham Administration is not only the period of the Rockinghams, the Bedfords and the Grenvilles; it was during

these very same years 1766–68 that Hargreaves invented the jenny and Arkwright the frame. And I rather hope that Mr. Brooke, as he reads through folio after folio of the Duke of Newcastle's correspondence, occasionally recalls that it was during the Administration of this great nobleman that the rate of interest was lowered to 3 per cent.

EDWARD BOYLE.

GOLDEN TONGUE

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH PROSE, 1400–1900. By Eirian James. *C.U.P.* 12s. 6d.

TO compress 500 years of English prose into sixty extracts, each about the same length as this review, is a feat that evokes Dr. Johnson's reaction to a woman preaching or a dog walking on his hind legs. Yet so skilfully has Miss James selected her examples, so penetrating and unpedantic is her commentary, that one ceases to wonder at its being done at all and admits without reservation that it has been done well. "The aim of this anthology," Miss James writes in her preface, "is to introduce English prose literature to both foreign and English readers through the medium of the ear in consort with the printed text." To this end a set of records and tape recordings have been made by members of Cambridge University under the direction of Mr. George Rylands, which may be obtained from the Recorded Sound Department of the British Council, 65 Davies Street W.1. Such a project implies its own bias and the reader who is a *bona fide* traveller in unfamiliar country may well be led to believe that the genius of English prose is more orotund and ornate than it really is. The masters of the spare, down-to-earth style are indeed represented from Nashe to George Eliot; but if this book is intended as a scale-map of English prose they should be there in much greater force.

Balance and proportion are so much the most difficult parts of the anthologist's task that any fool can find fault. A critical

examination of them is none the less probably the simplest way of showing how one anthology differs from another. This reviewer is not under the illusion that he could have done Miss James's work better or even half as well as she has done it. In her preface she defends the selection of familiar passages from well-known authors on the reasonable grounds that brevity imposes limitations. The same grounds are perhaps less reasonable when it comes to a total omission of "dramatic prose and works of a purely scientific or philosophic nature." Is not the law which admits Clarendon, Gibbon and Newman, but excludes Hobbes, Hume and Berkeley an unequal one? To the stranger with no previous acquaintance with their worlds of thought the first three are at least as difficult of access as the second; indeed, Berkeley is probably the easiest of them all. Letting in the historians and keeping out the philosophers contributes to the slight distortion already noticed. English philosophers at their best write a clear Italian hand, while our great historians tend to be black-letter men.

The extracts themselves are generally chosen with discernment. Very occasionally one feels inclined to question the editor's judgment. If it was necessary to include a passage from the Authorized Version so that its immense literary influence could be made clear to the student, are there not a host of instances more appropriate for this purpose than the gnomic and partly unintelligible extract from Ecclesiastes, beautiful though it is? And on the editor's premise ought she not also to have directed the reader's attention to the Book of Common Prayer? Newman obviously deserves a place in any collection such as this, but if Miss James wishes "to titillate the reader to explore the books from which the passages are taken" is the *Apologia* quite the place to send him? The technicalities of Church history and university politics, the initial obscurity of such key phrases as *securus judicat orbis terrarum* are formidable obstacles to the public she has in mind. The *Parochial and Plain Sermons* or the *Idea of a University* speak more directly to

the heart and mind of everyday. The extract itself is not of compelling quality, dealing as it does with the petty and unedifying aspect of a great controversy.

The commentary is a model of what such things should be. Lucid, informative and brief, it is also personal and, in the pleasantest sense, provocative. There is nothing of the neutral tints beloved of textbook writers in Miss James's enthusiasm for Richardson. At times one wonders if she realizes how magnificently arbitrary she is being. Certainly in her comments on Macaulay she seems unaware that her own view of Charles II is at least as partisan as anything to be found in the *History of England*. Given the size and scope of this selection, it is difficult to imagine it being done better or half so enjoyably. Its only disadvantage is its high price.

The recordings are very unequal. The celebrated passage from Burke which inspired a recent speech by Lord Hinchinbrooke is ruined by overdramatization. On the other hand, a particularly difficult passage from *The Mill on the Floss* is rendered brilliantly.

RICHARD OLLARD.

Novels

THE GREAT WORLD AND TIMOTHY COLT. Louis Auchincloss. *Gollancz*. 15s.

THE CHARITY BALL. Egon Hostovsky. *Heinemann*. 13s. 6d.

THE BRAZEN HEAD. J. C. Powys. *Macdonald*. 18s.

AND WALK IN LOVE. Henrietta Buckmaster. *Gollancz*. 16s.

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF ISAAC BABEL. *Methuen*. 18s.

A DREAD OF BURNING. Rosemary Timperley. *James Barrie*. 12s. 6d.

THE CASE OF THE FIERY FINGERS. Erle Stanley Gardiner. *Heinemann*. 12s. 6d.

AN outstanding quality of American novelists is their ability to dramatize even the less sensational elements of their social scene. I have a feeling that if *The*

NOVELS

Great World and Timothy Colt were about a London solicitor I should find it dreary; set in New York and written by Mr. Auchincloss, I find it enthralling. This is not so much because the American scene is more vital and interesting, but because American writers are interested in it. In England, writers of comparable talent no longer regard the stresses of middle-class social and business life as worth their attention; they turn to more fragmentary and exotic experiences.

Timothy Colt is a brilliant young lawyer, engrossed in his profession. He seems destined for a partnership in the firm which employs him; a firm in which the austere traditions of the senior partner are being undermined by the second partner, Sheridan Dale. Timothy is drawn into Dale's orbit, helped by the gentle nagging of his wife, who feels that he works too hard for too little. That, she thinks, is what is threatening their marriage. When Colt begins to move among the rich, Ann feels herself inadequate and withdraws, leaving Colt to go deeper in his love affair with Dale's step-daughter, Eileen. None of this is very new, but it is given life and quality by the mixture of irony and pity in the writing, and by the author's power to make even legal technicalities absorbing. The stages by which Timothy Colt is pulled down, because he could neither connive at sharp practice nor denounce it effectively, are unravelled with a masterly sense of drama. This is a book which can be read equally for its story, for its social comment, and for its exploration of personality; it is a model of what the novel should be.

In *The Charity Ball*, the American way of life is observed by the sharp eyes of a stranger. Egon Hostovsky is a distinguished Czech writer who has lived for several years in America; himself a victim of the Nazis, he is a master of that psychological climate of suspense, fear and guilt, which they have left in Central Europe. A charity ball is being held at the Hotel Atlanta, in New York, and to it have come refugees of various vintages, almost all enmeshed in emotional tensions which are to snap or burst that night,

when a storm detains them in the hotel for several hours. There are the two Austrian brothers, Eugene and Julius Rindt. Eugene has a beautiful unfaithful American wife, who is, at the time, having an affair with Julius, while Eugene himself is beloved by a Czech girl. A Jewish millionaire, who has spent his life in the disillusioning pursuit of beautiful women, is enticed into a compromising situation by a Pole who senses his weakness. An elderly American woman, Barbara Greene, is strongly attracted to a young Hungarian singer who resembles her long dead sister. The Hungarian girl had come hoping to sing at the ball, but her hopes are frustrated by the press gang surrounding a better-known artiste. Among all these people, knowing most and guessing at the rest, moves Professor Oscar Wunderlich, the alcoholic old scholar who has lived in America for years. The story telling shifts from group to group like a moving spotlight, pinpointing absurdities with wit and cruelties and fears with ironic pity. With the exception of the old Professor, the characters exist rather as components of a scene than as individuals, but the scene is described with compelling power, and the violent end is a relief.

Nobody could have written *The Brazen Head* except Mr. J. C. Powys. Or, perhaps, Mr. Robert Graves, though he would have written it quite differently. The Brazen Head is that reputedly constructed by Roger Bacon, a sort of medieval electronic brain. Roger Bacon's theories aroused the hostility of certain clerical elements and, since Roger Bacon was born in Mr. Powys's own parish, that legend-soaked part of the West Country around Glastonbury, it is fitting that the friar should find a doughty champion in the writer. The story is complicated, but its complications are handled, or one might say juggled, with defiant skill. Jewish magic, Celtic magic, Christian philosophy and pagan philosophy, authentic history and outrageous invention all run together. Names and situations tend to be symbolic; Roger Bacon is protected by a good knight, Sir Mort, against his persecutor Bonaventura, whose secular arm is

the woman-ridden, vegetarian baron of the manor of Lost Towers. There is a gigantic Tartar-Jew in the service of the good knight; a pure Jewish maiden named Ghosta, whom Roger Bacon employs to "vitalize" the Brazen Head. There is a disreputable friar who uses the secret of magnetism to impose his will; he seduces, beneath the Cerne giant, the bad baron's tease of a daughter. There are earthy, bawdy rustics with names like Rampant and Guggerty; there is, in short, all the imaginative ebullience we associate with the writer, together with admirable and convincing portraits of men like Roger Bacon and Albertus Magnus and lucid expositions of their theories. Out of it all, the writer has made a picture of 13th century England which is perhaps closer to the temper of the time than any sober historical reconstruction.

And Walk in Love is a very solid historical reconstruction of the life and times of St. Paul, solid but not sober. I should have preferred more sobriety. The author has ingeniously pieced together everything that can be gleaned of the Apostle's life from the Acts and the Epistles and has attempted to create personalities, with life stories, for such as Philip, Barnabas, Timothy, Festus and others to whom we have only fugitive references. The book is boldly written, it fills in the gaps with great ingenuity, even providing Paul with a love affair. It is extremely successful in depicting the background; the unrest and disorder in Palestine; the life of the Jewish colonists in the cities of the Dispersion; the sheer human misery beneath the Roman edifice and the disenchantment of thoughtful men, be they Romans, Greeks or Jews, with the formalism or debasement of their official religions. The writer is less happy in dealing with people and the attempt to create a "lovable" personality, in the present-day sense, for the austere Apostle of the Gentiles, is a failure. Two things are unquestionable about St. Paul; his brilliant, subtle mind, and his superb eloquence, unmatched except by his Master's. The writer is not equipped to deal with either. She paraphrases his

immortal words, reduces the experience on the road to Damascus to the calibre of an incident in a religious film, and wraps the bitter controversies in verbal cotton wool. I am afraid the book can only be called a praiseworthy failure, but it is worth reading as a detailed and dramatic reconstruction of the field in which the Apostle worked.

Isaac Babel is known by occasionally appearing stories from his book *Red Cavalry*, but this is the first general collection of his work. It is provided with a characteristically lucid introduction by Mr. Lionel Trilling, which gives the clues to many things in Babel's writing. Isaac Babel was born in Odessa in 1894; he served as a supply officer in Budenny's army during the Polish campaign of 1920. Later, like so many "old Bolsheviks," he fell under suspicion and died in a concentration camp in 1939 or 1940. He is a writer of the revolution, which gave him most of his material, but he shows little or no Marxist consciousness. His stories rather hark back to Gogol in their fascination with absurdity, to Gorky in their sombre grotesqueries. As Mr. Trilling points out, Babel's attitude was formed by his experience as a Jewish officer in a Cossack regiment. The Cossack was the Jew's hereditary enemy, the willing instrument of the pogrom. Babel, the Jew among them, was torn between his envy of their uninhibited instincts and animal well-being, and disgust at their cruelty and stupidity. A further element in his make-up was that he was a Jew of Odessa, trying to expel from himself the stooping, bookish child of the ghetto, in favour of those other Jews, drovers, herdsmen and traders who, by adding a roisterous enjoyment of life to their racial acuity, had either won for themselves something like tolerance from the Russians, or had escaped the pogroms to become Damon Runyon characters in the cities of the New World. Some of Babel's best stories concern the exploits of the legendary heroes of the jovial Jews of Odessa, but others again reflect that underlying Jewish melancholy which was the inheritance of his orthodox childhood. The stories are

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all very short, and in form reflect his admiration of Maupassant. They have a characteristic flavour at once "Russian" and "Jewish" and an unexpected variety. They were well worth the labour of translating and editing and the work seems to have been very well done.

A Dread of Burning is a simply constructed story about the relation of a schoolmistress to a difficult child. Heather Grey's long stay in hospital had turned her from a bright and promising pupil to a child in whom teachers could awaken no response. Her class mistress suspects some suppressed injury to the child's mind, beyond the illness, and sets to work to uncover it. There is something of the radio documentary about the unfolding of this story; the clues are rather too obviously planted; there is a tendency to soft pedal the difficulties as the book runs smoothly to a reassuring end. On its own level, however, the book is quite

exciting reading and it conveys the impression that patience and love always win.

The Case of the Fiery Fingers is an Erle Stanley Gardiner *alpha* and for fans I need say no more. Perry Mason is briefed by a nurse named Nellie Conway who tells him that her employer is trying to poison his wife. The employer hits back by accusing Nellie of larceny, but of course Perry can get her out of that. But when the employer's wife dies of poison after all, leaving the husband and the nurse in the clear, and a new suspect who has a motive, Perry begins to wonder whether he hasn't been fooled by two clever people acting in collusion. So Perry agrees to defend the new suspect, and being Perry, and having the help of Paul Drake, goes to the most unethical lengths to secure his evidence and, of course, to win his case.

RUBY MILLAR.

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LONGMANS

Art

SIR KENNETH CLARK'S
LATEST WORK

By MICHAEL JAFFÉ

IN perfection of form and delivery each lecture by Sir Kenneth Clark is a memorable experience. Nearly four years have passed since he delighted a Washington audience with a course of lectures on that dauntingly unmanageable topic, the Nude. Such he discriminates from the Naked as properly a form, not merely a possible subject for the figurative arts. Yet few of that American audience can have forgotten the marvellous persuasiveness of his use of language that brings, for example, Henry Moore's stone recumbent figure of 1938, and wooden reclining figure of 1946, into their clear and illuminating relationship with ideas first embodied in the Dionysus and the Ilissus of the Parthenon.

Now these lectures, considerably lengthened and revised, and with an added section of notes, are made available to us in print.* And the production of the book, so long and eagerly awaited, deserves much credit; first and foremost because the reproductions—almost 300 of them, and all mercifully in monochrome—although some fall rather below the standard of definition attainable today, are with a few scarcely avoidable exceptions, conveniently placed to illustrate the relevant text. Indeed, such welcome consideration by the publisher for the reader, taken with Sir Kenneth's own polished mastery of phrase and paragraph, may cause many eyes to slip across pages too relaxedly for assimilation of the niceties and novelties of his argument. There is much strenuous reading for whoever will attempt to take the full measure of this characteristically brilliant inquiry. Civilized reviewers in the Sunday newspapers have shown that they can be relied upon to admire the work for its indubitable and admirable contribution to *belles*

* *The Nude. A Study of Ideal Art.* By Kenneth Clark. John Murray. 63s.

lettres, and to select, from an embarrassment of riches, quotations which manifest that civilizing quality that is all too rare in contemporary writing on the arts, particularly on the arts of antiquity. But the total contribution of *The Nude* must eventually be assessed far beyond this. The author, by his passionate thought and extraordinary range of connoisseurship, has secured for his critical study the enduring vitality of literature. It has not escaped notice that his criticism is directed from an explicit aesthetic standpoint; that "no nude, however abstract, should fail to arouse in the spectator some vestige of erotic feeling, even although it be only the faintest shadow—and if it does not do so, it is bad art and false morals." Literary and philosophic standards of a noble order are thus set and maintained within the book itself. But since the problems of the Nude are of such dominant importance to our understanding of painting and sculpture at two at least of their chief epochs—and in the masterly chapter on "Energy," where Sir Kenneth treats of Michelangelo, the further suggestion of the essential kinship between that artist's conception of the nude and his architectural mouldings is justly made—the matter of which the book is composed has also to be appraised by the external standards of scholarship. The difficulty and the need to do so is increased by the circumstance that there is in English no other serious treatment of the theme on a comparable scale. Sir Kenneth has risked, as he is entitled to do despite his modest disclaimers, the onus of being treated as an authority.

As an Olympian he overwhelms us, not only by the copious horn of his knowledge, but by the insistent style of his personality in speech. He ends his chapter on "The Alternative Convention," effectively the Gothic and Mannerist conventions, in rhetorical vein. There is that "final image of decrepitude," Rodin's *La Belle Heaulmière*, and, as a last violent twist, prefaced only by a glance at the stark sincerity of Cézanne's single "life study," the awful menace of Rouault's naked prostitutes. Showing these mon-

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strous idols of Rouault after the *memento mori* of Rodin engenders a revulsion from this "alternative convention" and throws quite out of keeping the whole breath-taking contrivance which draws the *Diana* of Anet, and Rembrandt's *Old Woman Bathing Her Feet*, and Urs Graf's *Woman Stabbing Herself* within the shelter of the same chapter. The German expressionists of the last seventy years are lightly dismissed. But an argument which omits the tropical fulfilment of, say, Gauguin's *La Femme aux Mangos* or the tense Nordic shiver of Munch's *Puberty* is noticeably unbuttressed.

Occasionally he leaves his argument bare; occasionally there are redundancies. Of Rubens' nudes, about which he says so many splendid things, it is unnecessary to add "they embody a view of nature more optimistic than that of the Greeks, for thunder and the treacherous sea, the cruelty of Olympus, are absent." Rubens' *Hero and Leander* which belonged to Rembrandt is constituted of precisely those elements. For the Vatican *Laocoön*, uneven, as he describes it, in the execution of the three figures, he assumes a lost prototype in bronze—partly on the insecure basis of its "much more satisfying" appearance as a group in metal cast many centuries later by Bontemps. Had the marble recognized by Michelangelo as the masterpiece celebrated in Pliny been a replica it would have been likely, to say the least, to have been uniform in quality. Moreover, Sir Kenneth's bias, sometimes justifiable, against the ingenuities of iconographers has led him to reject Janson's most plausible account of the Boldrini woodcut, of the priest and his sons caricatured as apes, as polemic in the Vesalian-Galenist controversy, and to accept the cruder possibility that Titian of all artists wished to satirize in such a way contemporary excess of admiration for the Antique.

Yet were a thousand students to name each a misleading emphasis or a blemish, the book would still be worth many readings and long inheritance—with or without *marginalia*.

MICHAEL JAFFÉ.

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MACMILLAN

Music

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN, AND THE ELGAR LETTERS

By ROBIN DENNISTON

SERVICEABLE and time-honoured are, I think, the words for the D'Oyle Carte's present productions of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas (at the Prince's Theatre, London). It is interesting, though profitless, to speculate how the *Pirates* would appear produced by Peter Brook or John Cranko, and conducted by Kubelik. Perhaps one day after 1961 (when the copyright ends) we shall know. Certainly in fresh hands much that is at present embalmed in ritual gestures and distracting pieces of business will re-emerge, but would Sullivan approve such a new look himself? He was, of course, a stickler for tradition; his spirit lies behind what is best and most characteristic in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*,



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the only authentic and satisfactory hymn book in existence. At present the acting of his operas comes somewhere behind professional pantomime, and approaching Greek drama staged on somebody's lawn. The singing is generally congenial, the men being better than the women; diction, all-important in this art-form, is uniformly excellent. Only some totally pointless ham, dragged in on a laugh-at-any-price basis, is intrusive. The whole collation—as the audience, largely under eighteen or over sixty, testifies—is jolly fun from first note to last. Few other London productions can claim as much.

What was striking, after a long absence from these magnificent absurdities, were: (1) Gilbert's almost obscene hatred of, and cruelty to, elderly unmarried women; (2) the excellence of a number of the spoken wisecracks; (3) the fine diction of the chorus; (4) the harmonic poverty of spirit evinced in the music. Sullivan has been blamed hitherto for his lack of melodic invention. But surely his ingenuity in thinking up *recognizably different tunes* within such a tiny rhythmic and harmonic framework is matter for congratulation and awed admiration. In two operas there were not more than half a dozen unforeseen modulations; the only rhythmic variations noticeable were ones which Mozart would have spurned after the age of ten. Yet these operas were written and performed, in some cases, after Stravinsky was born.

What was it about Sullivan or about musical England in the 19th century which caused this premature, complacent infantilism? This is probably more a question for the social historian or the psychiatrist. However, in so far as a critic may trespass outside the narrow acres in which he is permitted to stroll, it is a question which I hope to investigate at a later stage.

Sullivan's life overlapped that of another greater English composer—Edward Elgar—for over thirty years, although Elgar's best music was not composed until after Sullivan's death in 1900. Certain similarities between the two composers are striking. Both were sons of professional,

Music

working musicians. Both were deeply influenced by the ecclesiastical tradition in English music, and both had a *penchant* for brass bands. Both were thoroughly *bourgeois* by temperament and upbringing; their music, in different fields, was an integral part of the Establishment. Both, I think, are enigmas. One would expect that Elgar's letters, recently published (*Letters of Edward Elgar and Other Writings*, edited by Dr. Percy Young, Geoffrey Bles, 42s.), might throw some light on this sad, baffled man, for fourteen years of his life a great composer, Master of the King's Musick, but hard put to it to pay his modest bills. Unfortunately, and in spite of all Dr. Young's editorial skill, Elgar remains an unforthcoming writer, and only an occasional glimpse of his unhappiness, his relations with his surely rather tiresome wife, his religious doubts, his methods of composition, emerges from these brief, cranky letters. But what a tremendous composer he was. And what a miracle to find, sprung from the middle of 19th-century provincial England, a musician who was never trained professionally, who came up the hard way as spectacularly as any of the great Germans, and who yet attained complete mastery of orchestration and choral composition and lived to write, in the *Dream of Gerontius*, one of the six finest choral works in the repertory. In a period of national disillusion, here is one Englishman of whom we can be unreservedly proud.

ROBIN DENNISTON.

Finance

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JOHN MURRAY

Election dispelled ill-founded fears in the minds of many investors. The stock market, under the lead of gilt-edged, had been gaining confidence at the time of Sir Anthony's resignation, and the ensuing political uncertainties caused some investment indecision until the new Prime Minister began to form his Cabinet.

The Ministerial appointments, the messages of goodwill from overseas—notably from the White House—and Mr. Macmillan's energetic approach to his task, the magnitude of which he has not omitted to stress, have created a general impression of firm leadership which opens with friendly feelings in quarters where recent events had caused unwelcome strain. The first broadcast from Downing Street, made as we go to press, has deliberately emphasized the need for a friendly Anglo-American relationship and pointedly stressed the inherent strength of the British Commonwealth. Mr. Macmillan also referred to closer co-operation with Western Europe to reinforce the remarks already made about the European Common Market by his new Chancellor of the Exchequer. The main lines of his political and economic policy begin to emerge. Their direction is as one anticipated, but it is realized that many obstacles lie along the path leading to achievement and exuberant optimism would be imprudent.

Top Hat Market

Up in that section of the Stock Exchange where top hats are still to be seen every day, the gilt-edged jobbers have been busy. For most of the time since I wrote last month they have been adding pluses to the prices of Government securities. Their market has been subjected to a process politely known as official "conditioning." That means that the Treasury has been supporting gilt-edged stocks for reasons of Government financial policy. During the current year some £900 million of outstanding loans fall due for redemption, and the authorities are preparing the way for a funding operation by encouraging a fall in interest rates. This process has led to the belief that a reduction in the

Bank Rate can be expected in the next month or two—some people believe it will take place about the time these words are published and the first phase of the debt-funding will follow as soon as possible.

The Government must come to the gilt-edged market for large sums during this year to deal with the repayment of many millions of maturing bonds, otherwise it would have to borrow these sums from the Banks against Treasury Bills, a process that would diminish the efficacy of their measures to restrict credit. Investors have followed the lead and the gain in the Index of Government Securities has consequently been substantial. War Loan $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. has risen about six points since the beginning of December.

Follow the Leader

With Government stocks consistently firm, the equity market has inevitably followed their lead. Some shares needed no encouragement from their smiling neighbours in the top-hat section: they were sought for their own attractions. Among them were shipping shares, many of which have added to the gains to which I referred last month. Among oil shares the speculators have been busy in Middle East issues, which have fluctuated widely, but have shown substantial gains since November; and an outstanding rise has occurred in Ultramar during the month. Most leading industrial equities have responded to the prospect of lower interest rates and many price increases have been lively and considerable.

The announcement made by the Government on plans for expansion of atomic power production caused a brisk revival of interest in atomic shares. The expansion plan involving expenditure of many hundreds of millions of pounds on the construction of some seventeen power stations, will obviously provide work for the firms connected with atomic plant construction for many years ahead. A year ago the official forecast of the U.K. needs was twelve nuclear power stations, producing power equivalent to 4-5 million tons of coal; the latest plan brings this to

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between 16 and 20 million tons of coal, and the cost will be doubled. Much of this expenditure will go to the firms who have already joined together in groups for the construction of nuclear power stations and many sub-contractors will benefit. Added to these orders must be reckoned the possibilities of the export market, where the British leadership in the atomic field is bound to bring business. Though the yields on the shares of the "atomics" group are not generous at present prices, the stocks are not likely to fall very much unless the whole market comes under some adverse influence. (A General Election at this moment could have a severely adverse effect on markets, for example.)

Economies Ahead

The promptness of the Prime Minister's decision to make substantial cuts in the Forces Expenditure impressed and pleased the City. It gave rise to speculation on how far the apparent determination would go, since the need for official economy has long been a foremost subject in financial circles. The prospect of severe cuts in our military commitments in Germany has been cheerfully discussed, and the effect on the labour supply of a substantial cut in National Service has aroused cautious hopes. If a major economy expenditure on weapons is added to reduction of manpower the effect on the national expenditure would be important enough to encourage greatly the belief that the country might recover economic health rapidly. It is recalled, however, that the dearth of oil could diminish production still more than it has done in certain industries, and that recovery and expansion depend on a resumption of normal oil supplies being quickly achieved.

Backing Both Ways

An instance of the general desire of the investing public to have reasonable dividend security with the possibility of capital appreciation was provided during January by the success of the I.C.I. Loan Stock issue. Issued at 96, the widespread demand for the much over-subscribed

stock put the price up within a few days to 108½—largely because it carried the right to convert into the equity at various rates in the future. Confidence is returning, perhaps too fast, and it was a great attraction to have a stock offered at a reasonable price which enabled investors to back the future both ways.

Records

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

THE Berwald's were a numerous family of Swedish musicians of North German origin, with Franz Berwald (1796–1868) as its most illustrious member: Sweden's first symphonist and the greatest Swedish composer of the 19th century. When I first heard two of his five completed symphonies (on records not available in this country) some years ago I was struck by their charm, wit and general

On February 18

The Turn of the Tide

THE WAR DIARIES OF
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by Sir Arthur Bryant

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individuality, and wondered why they were never given over here. Nos. 2 (C major) and 3 (E flat major), beautifully played by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Markevitch, are now available on D.G.G. DGM18317 and will, one hopes, arouse interest in this delightful composer.

Schalk's revised version of Bruckner's Fifth Symphony (B flat major) is considered unauthentic by Bruckner scholars, but without knowing how far that is true, I must say that I greatly enjoyed Knappertsbusch's performance, with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, of the beautiful work. The composer, in the Finale, pays tribute to the corresponding movement in Beethoven's "Choral" Symphony, which he enormously admired, to the extent of trying out themes from the preceding movements before reaching the main theme of his Finale. Also on this disc are fine-toned performances of Dawn, and Siegfried's Rhine Journey, and Funeral Music from *Götterdämmerung* (Decca LXT5255-6).

Sir Adrian Boult has a particular fondness for Schubert's C Major Symphony (No. 9) and shows it in a very good performance, much brisker than that of Furtwängler (DGM 18015-6: with Haydn's 88th Symphony) and less poetical in the slow movement, but in its own vein very satisfying (Pye-Nixa NCL16006). The recording is excellent.

Fritz Lehmann and the Berlin Philharmonic in their performance of Schubert's complete incidental music to *Rosamunde*, with Diana Eustrati and the Berliner Motettenchor admirable in the vocal sections, surpass two previous complete recordings. This is an absolutely enchanting issue, and for good measure we are given on the last side the *Zauberharfe* (*Rosamunde*) Overture (Schubert used the one to *Alfonso and Estrella* at the first performance of the play and it is placed on the first of these discs), as well as two pieces for women's voices and piano, the well-known setting of Psalm 23 and the delightful (and unfamiliar) *Serenade* Schubert wrote for the birthday of one of Anna Frohlich's pupils. When he heard it sung he is reported to have said,

"Really, you know, I never realized it was so beautiful." (D.G.G. DGM18101-2).

Also recommended. A magnificent recording of Tchaikovsky's Second Symphony ("Little Russian") well played—if not so well as by Beecham and the R.P.O. (Philips ABL3015)—by Solti and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra (Decca LXT5245). *The Sleeping Beauty* ballet music *complete*, which should satisfy the most ardent balletomane, very well played and recorded (Mercury MRL2524-7) and (this is indeed a bargain) Kodaly's "Háry János" suite, *Dances of Galanta* and *Dances of Marossek*, all on Pye-Nixa WLP20028, recorded with great brilliance, and played with much rhythmic verve and artistry by Rodzinski and the L.P.O. Finally, a disc that includes some of what Beecham calls his "lollipops": Sibelius's "Karelia" March, and two pieces from his music to *The Tempest*, a Grétry *Air de Ballet*, Massenet's "Last Sleep of the Virgin," and more solid stuff in Berlioz's Prelude and March from "The Trojan's at Carthage." A packet of good things superlatively played, under Sir Thomas, by the R.P.O. (Philips SBR6215).

Kempff's restrained and, so to speak, interior playing of Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata (not the composer's, but the publisher's, title) is, to my mind, the best we have had on disc and is very well recorded. He adds delightful performances of the little sonatas (G Minor and G Major of op. 49) that were for many of us our first introduction at the keyboard to Beethoven (D.G.G. DGM 18021). Debussy's seldom played *Etudes*, virtuoso pieces of high musical interest that belong to the last period of his life, have been recorded complete by Monique Haas (D.G.G. DGM18046) and Albert Ferber (Ducretet-Thompson DTL93012) and issued this month simultaneously. Both performances are excellent, Miss Haas is more lively, Mr. Ferber more contemplative. On balance I prefer Mr. Ferber.

Opera

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Records

Ljubljana Opera (Yugoslavia) that made such a success at the Holland Festival of 1956, is one of his most delightful works and can be recommended to all who enjoy Rimsky-Korsakof's *Golden Cockerel*, though its wit is more ironic and its lyricism far less abundant. Singing, playing and recording are all admirable (Philips ABL3150-1). Sir Thomas Beecham's recording of *La Bohème*, with Victoria de los Angeles, Björling, Robert Merrill, Lucine Amara in the chief parts, and the R.C.A. Victor Orchestra, is distinctly an event. Beecham has described, in an interview with Irving Kolodin (reprinted in the January number of *The Gramophone*), his talks with the composer on the interpretation of the score—which he has performed over three hundred times—and now gives us the results which, in general, show slower tempi than those adopted in Toscanini's wonderful performance of the opera (H.M.V. ALP1081-2) and a more eloquent, though perhaps less exciting, reading. Beecham gets a much better, indeed very good, recording and has a better cast at his disposal than Toscanini had, Decca's Tebaldi and Prandelli excepted. Mimi seems to me de los Angeles' best part and she is here in great form; Lucine Amara lacks vivacity as Musetta, but is never shrill after the manner of many singers in the part; the men are all good and the playing of the orchestra glorious. What a masterpiece, one feels all over again, this opera is (H.M.V. ALP1409-10).

I must mention, in conclusion, a record that falls into a category of its own, *The Hoffnung Music Festival Concert*, a recording of the hilarious affair given at the Royal Festival Hall last December, and which includes audience reaction. This means there are many laughs over purely visual humour which we cannot share but we can fully enjoy, amongst other amusing things, Gordon Jacob's ingenious variations on *Annie Laurie*, for a weird collection of instruments, and Reizenstein's polyglot concerto. Distinctly a party record (Columbia 33CX 1406).

ALEC ROBERTSON.

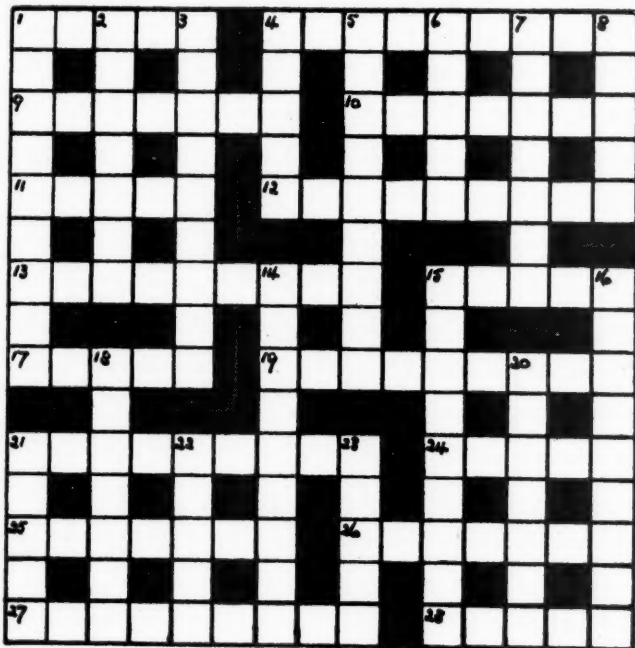
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NATIONAL & ENGLISH REVIEW CROSSWORD No. 6



A prize of one guinea will be awarded for the first correct solution opened on February 15th. Please cut out and send, with your name and address, to National and English Review (Crossword), 2 Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4.

Last month's winner is: Miss Helen Polito, The Oaks Hotel, Leamington Spa.

CLUES

ACROSS

1. A man of parts (5).
4. Mother comes in to change in school (4, 5).
9. One might get a suit in the country (7).
10. Speak on it or turn to play the piano (7).
11. Red if cooked (5).
12. Not applicable to the present (9).
13. A record of long standing to the French (9).
15. Scolded for ruining trade (5).
17. "Who often . . . will sometimes wish to write." Crabbe (*Edward Shore*) (5).
19. Nine-lettered word of four letters (9).
21. Fruit follows shell-fish, but not as dessert (9).
24. The Mohammedans' chief of the fallen angels (5).
25. Its milk is unsuitable for infants (7).
26. I'm by myself in front of the Art Gallery, getting copy (7).
27. Are these done for a fit purpose? (9).
28. It's part of the act (5).

DOWN

1. "Another lean unwashed. . . ." Shakespeare (*King John*) (9).
2. Port of stronger flavour? (7).
3. Tiredness of those living in (9).
4. A prohibition on a river of Damascus (5).
5. Where the horse marines' mounts are reared? (5, 4).
6. Mother, boy and craftsman (5).
7. Men in the wrong cause suffering (7).
8. Animals around quiet slopes (5).
14. They are discharged after doing a stretch (9).
15. Israelite truths (9).
16. Ornament metal to obstruct a view (9).
18. Greed makes a girl take a cereal (7).
20. It comes at the end of a sentence (7).
21. Vehicle the French rope (5).
22. Language of the Upper House? (5).
23. For people who like to go out (5).

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NUMBER 5

ACROSS.—1. Lektion. 5. Printer. 9. Bastinado. 10. Mater. 11. Teeth. 12. Treadmill. 13. Ruinate. 15. Teacosy. 17. Sustain. 19. Spencer. 21. Aristotle. 23. Preys. 24. Elate. 25. Bell-metal. 26. Spectre. 27. Cascade.

DOWN.—1. Lobster. 2. Cosmetics. 3. Irish. 4. Naartje. 5. Protest. 6. Immediate. 7. Tutti. 8. Rurally. 14. Apartment. 16. Orchestra. 17. Sea-legs. 18. Notable. 19. Shellac. 20. Resolve. 22. Irate. 23. Pumps.

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